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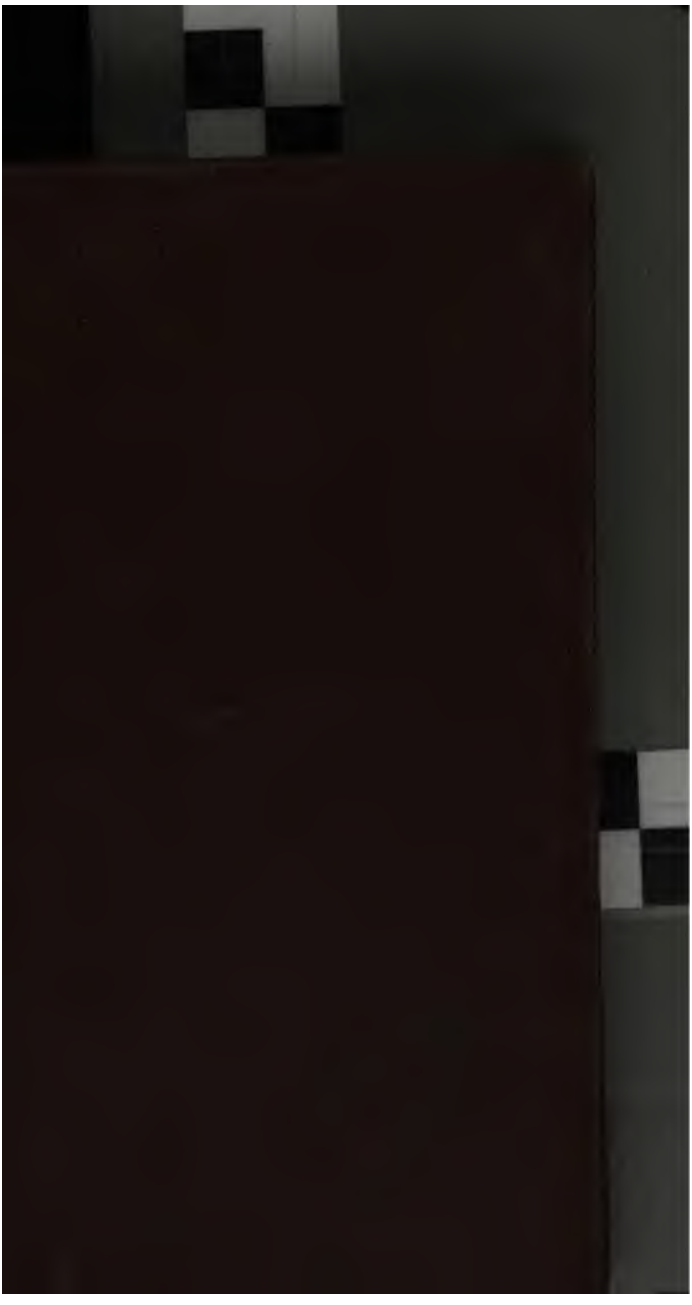

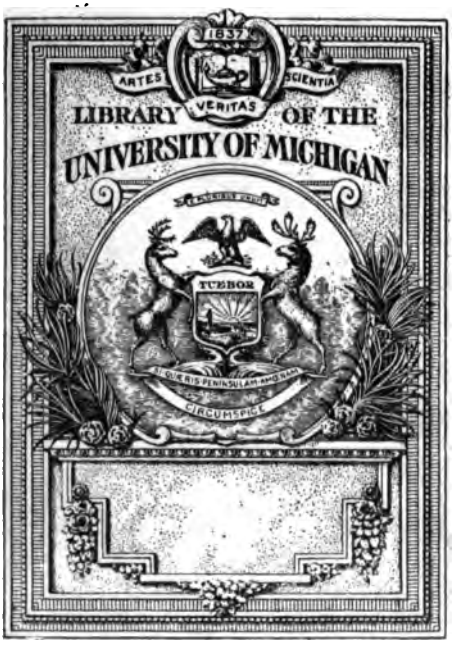
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

ROCHESTER,

ROSCOMMON,

AND

YALDEN.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whoſe correct * eſſay
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's ſacred ſtandard wait,
And with ſtrict diſcipline inſtructed right,
Have learn'd to uſe your arms before you fight.
But ſince the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage,
Conſpire to cenſure and expoſe our age:
Provok'd too far, we reſolutely muſt,
To the few virtues that we have, be juſt.

* John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamſhire.

For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To ſearch the treaſures of the Roman ſtore;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The nobleſt fruits tranſplanted in our iſle
With early hope and fragrant bloſſoms ſmile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inſpires,
And nature ſeconds all his ſoft deſires:
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural ſong.
Who has not heard how Italy was bleſt,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy Eaſt?
Or Gallus' ſong, ſo tender and ſo true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' hearſe,
Who does not weep that reads the moving verſe!
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted ſtrains
Sicilian Muſes through theſe happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times---our own Apollo reigns!

When France had breath'd, after inteſtine broils,
And peace and conqueſt crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew faſt, and ſpread, and bleſt the land;
The choiceſt books that Rome or Greece have known,
Her excellent tranſlators made her own:
And Europe ſtill conſiderably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the ſame.
But now, we ſhew the world a nobler way,
And in tranſlated verſe do more than they;

Serene

Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With ſweetneſs not to be expreſt in proſe:
Degrading proſe explains his meaning ill,
And ſhews the ſtuff, but not the workman's ſkill:
I (who have ſerv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my maſter as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares,
The fault is more their language's than theirs:
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of ſofter ſound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors ſee
The comprehenſive Engliſh energy?
The weighty bullion of one ſterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages ſhine.
I ſpeak my private, but impartial ſenſe,
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence;
For I 'll recant, when France can ſhew me wit,
As ſtrong as ours, and as ſuccinctly writ.
'Tis true, compoſing is the nobler part,
But good tranſlation is no eaſy art.
For though materials have long ſince been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but judgment more.
The ſoil intended for Pierian ſeeds
Muſt be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo ſtarts, and all Parnaſſus ſhakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beſide their learning) were well bred.

The firſt great work (a taſk perform'd by few)
Is, that yourſelf may to yourſelf be true:
No maſk, no tricks, no favour, no reſerve;
Diſſect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his ſtrength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in ſpite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all ſucceeding times,
With pompous nonſenſe and a bellowing ſound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muſe can through paſt ages ſee)
That noiſy, nauſeous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when with univerſal ſcorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouſe was born.
Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wreſtler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wiſe!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he ſtrove to rend.
Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praiſes, one inſtructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aſpire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro ſtoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling paſſion of your mind;
Then, ſeek a poet who your way does bend,
And chooſe an author as you chooſe a friend,
United by this ſympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your ſtyles, your ſouls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With

With how much eaſe is a young Muſe betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaſte inſtruction of her tender years.
The firſt impreſſion in her infant breaſt
Will be the deepeſt, and ſhould be the beſt.
Let not auſterity breed ſervile fear,
No wanton ſound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from fooliſh pride's affected ſtate,
And ſpecious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect muſt anſwer for her faults.
Immodeſt words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.
What moderate fop would rake the Park or ſtews,
Who among troops of faultleſs nymphs may chooſe?
Variety of ſuch is to be found;
Take then a ſubject proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of ſenſe deſpiſe a trivial choice:
And ſuch applauſe it muſt expect to meet,
As would ſome painter buſy in a ſtreet,
To copy bulls and bears, and every ſign,
That calls the ſtaring ſots to naſty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a ſubject good,
It muſt delight us when 'tis underſtood.
He that brings fulſome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauſeous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of ſquills.

Inſtruct the liſtening world how Maro ſings
Of uſeful ſubjects and of lofty things.
Theſe will ſuch true, ſuch bright ideas raiſe,
As merit gratitude, as well as praiſe:
But foul deſcriptions are offenſive ſtill,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded Gods,
Makes ſome ſuſpect he ſnores, as well as nods.
But I offend---Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My bluſhing Muſe with conſcious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.
On ſure foundations let your fabric riſe,
And with attractive majeſty ſurpriſe,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But ſtrict harmonious ſymmetry of parts;
Which through the whole inſenſibly muſt paſs,
With vital heat to animate the maſs:
A pure, an active, an auſpicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the bleſſing came;
But few, oh few ſouls, præordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No Rebel-Titan's ſacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How juſtly then will impious mortals fall,
Whoſe pride would ſoar to heaven without a call!

Pride

Pride (of all others the moſt dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of ſenſe, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digeſt things moſt,
Will be much apter to deſpond than boaſt:
For if your author be profoundly good,
Twill coſt you dear before he 's underſtood.
How many ages ſince has Virgil writ!
How few are they who underſtand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heaven ſhakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets ſhould before their Mantuan God.
Hail mighty Maro! may that ſacred name
Kindle my breaſt with thy celeſtial flame;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuſe.
The Muſe inſtruct my voice, and thou inſpire the Muſe!
What I have inſtanc'd only in the beſt,
Is, in proportion, true of all the reſt.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There ſweat, there ſtrain, tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, ſome there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Conſult your author, with himſelf compar'd;
Who knows what bleſſing Phœbus may beſtow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such ſecrets are not eaſily found out,
But, once diſcover'd, leave no room for doubt.

Truth

Truth ſtamps conviction in your raviſh'd breaſt,
And peace and joy attend the glorious gueſt.
Truth ſtill is one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obſcure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the leaſt debate,
You may confound, but never can tranſlate.
Your ſtyle will this through all diſguiſes ſhow,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he underſtands a text,
Whoſe expoſition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names inſiſt,
Rather create than diſſipate the miſt;
And grow unjuſt by being over-nice,
(For ſuperſtitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Craſſus's † ghoſt and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been ſo jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæſes' name.
Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And ſome that Rome admir'd in Cæſar's time,
May neither ſuit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine ſenſe, intelligibly told,
Shews a tranſlator both diſcreet and bold,
Excurſions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much ſafer to leave out than add.
Abſtruſe and myſtic thoughts you muſt expreſs
With painful care, but ſeeming eaſineſs;
For truth ſhines brighteſt through the plaineſt dreſs.

† Hor. 3, Od. vi.

Th' Æneas

Th' Ænean Muſe, when ſhe appears in ſtate,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verſes wait.
Yet writes ſometimes as ſoft and moving things
As Venus ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings.
Your author always will the beſt adviſe,
Fall when he falls, and when he riſes riſe.
Affected noiſe is the moſt wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty ſcriblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even ſyllables (and ſtill the laſt)
Though groſs innumerable faults abound,
In ſpite of nonſenſe, never fail of ſound.
But this is meant of even verſe alone,
As being moſt harmonious and moſt known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd ſyllables muſt lie.
Whatever ſiſter of the learned Nine
Does to your ſuit a willing ear incline,
Urge your ſucceſs, deſerve a laſting name,
She 'll crown a grateful and a conſtant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You loſe the fruit of all your former care,
For the ſad proſpect of a juſt deſpair.
A quack (too ſcandalouſly mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his ſurer aid.
Well-ſeaſon'd bowls the goſſip's ſpirits raiſe,
Who, while ſhe guzzles, chats the doctor's praiſe.

And

And largely, what ſhe wants in words, ſupplies,
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtleſs animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of phyſicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praiſe he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
From ſaving women falls to killing men.
Another ſuch had left the nation thin,
In ſpite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they ſlew;
His name ſtruck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For ſmarting ſoundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre Famine ſtar'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no huſband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poiſon'd too;
In this ſad caſe, what could our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts and paſt all hope of bail,
Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with baſket-alms, ſcarce kept alive,
Shews how miſtaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my ſoul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to proſtitute their pen;
Who muſt, like lawyers, either ſtarve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!

But

But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your ſwords and cares,
Let no vain hope your eaſy mind ſeduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuſe.
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a Muſe,
The profit 's ſmall and you have much to loſe;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any paſſion can excite,
But what they feel tranſport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rolling eyes:
And panting; Lo! the god, the god, ſhe cries;
With words not hers, and more than human ſound
She makes th' obedient ghoſts peep trembling through the ground.
But, though we muſt obey when heaven commands,
And man in vain the ſacred call withſtands,
Beware what ſpirit rages in your breaſt;
For ten inſpir'd, ten thouſand are poſſeſt.
Thus make the proper uſe of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the chearful hours too freely paſs,
And ſparkling wine ſmiles in the tempting glaſs,
Your pulſe adviſes, and begins to beat
Through every ſwelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muſe propitiouſly invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;

But

But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another ſummons wait.
Before the radiant ſun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the ſterling ſtamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
Compar'd with thoſe whoſe inſpiration ſhines:
Theſe nervous, bold; thoſe languid and remiſs;
There, cold ſalutes; but here, a lover's kiſs.
Thus have I ſeen a rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming waves the paſſive Soane divide;
Whoſe lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous wa

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licenſe by too juſt a name,
Belongs to none but an eſtabliſh'd fame,
Which ſcorns to take it---
Abſurd expreſſions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Baſe fugitives to that aſylum fly,
And ſacred laws with inſolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deſerv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I miſtake, or far the greateſt part
Of what ſome call neglect, was ſtudy'd art.
When Virgil ſeems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the ſign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your ſight,
To reach the noble height of ſome unuſual flight.
I loſe my patience, when with ſaucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.

Rev

Reverſe of nature! ſhall ſuch copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic ſchools
Blaſpheme the ſacred founder of our rules!
The delicacy of the niceſt ear
Finds nothing harſh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intenſe,
The ſound is ſtill a comment to the ſenſe.
A ſkilful ear in numbers ſhould preſide,
And all diſputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before miſtaken ſtops debauch'd the ſound.
When, by impulſe from heaven, Tyrtæus ſung,
In drooping ſoldiers a new courage ſprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals loſt a poet gain'd.
By ſecret influence of indulgent ſkies,
Empire and poeſy together riſe.
True poets are the guardians of a ſtate,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conqueſt did inſpire,
Was not the Veſtal, but the Muſes' fire;
Heaven joins the bleſſings: No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.
Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cauſe;
Too ſtrict to rhyme, we ſlight more uſeful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at laſt obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from ſome moſſy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden ſpoke;
And by ſucceſſion of unlearned times,
As Bards began, ſo Monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the ſacred Nine,
With all their beams on our bleſt iſland ſhine,
Why ſhould not we their ancient rites reſtore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

' * Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous pro
' Led our exalted ſouls through heavenly camps,
' And mark'd the ground where proud apoſtate thro
' Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt hoſt and hoſt,
' (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
' Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
' Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
' Came towering arm'd in adamant and gold.
' There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
' Diſpers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
' By thouſands, angels on arch-angels roll'd;
' Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
' Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, wate
' woods)
' From their firm ſeats torn by the ſhaggy tops
' They bore like ſhields before them through the air
' Till more incens'd they hurld them at their foes.
' All was confuſion, heaven's foundations ſhook,
' Threatning no leſs than univerſal wreck,
' For Michael's arm main promontories flung,

* An eſſay on blank verſe, out of Paradiſe Loſt, B. V

' A

'And over-prest whole legions weak with sin:
'Yet they blaspheme: and struggled as they lay,
'Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
'And (arm'd with vengeance, God's victorious Son
'(Effulgence of paternal deity,
'Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
'Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
'And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Maid,
True to herself, shall barbarous arms invade,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE CXLVIIIth PSALM.

O Azure vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the god of war,
Who conquer whereso'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make his praises known
On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whoſe glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praiſe his name, without whoſe purer light
Thou hadſt been hid in an abyſs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who diſpenſe,
By God's command, your influence;
Reſign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Faireſt, as well as firſt, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty ſprings;
O praiſe th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who uſeth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praiſe him ye loud harmonious ſpheres,
Whoſe ſacred ſtamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whoſe command is th' univerſal law:

Ye watery mountains of the ſky,
And you ſo far above our eye,
Vaſt ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whoſe contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hiſſing into joyful ſong,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praiſe him, ye monſters of the deep,
That in the ſeas vaſt boſoms ſleep;
At whoſe command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye miſts and vapours, hail and ſnow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempeſts, praiſe th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem leſs than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when firſt Jehovah ſpoke,
All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in ſmoke.

Praiſe him, ſweet offspring of the ground,
With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praiſe,
That in his temple ſacred altars raiſe.

Idle muſicians of the ſpring,
Whoſe only care 's to love and ſing,
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt note.

Praiſe him each ſavage furious beaſt,
That on his ſtores do daily feaſt:
And you tame ſlaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majeſtic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whoſe power hath here no periods,
May all attempts againſt your crowns be vain!
But ſtill remember by whoſe power you reign.

Let the wide world his praiſes ſing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates ſpring,
And from the Danube's froſty banks, to thoſe
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that diſpoſe of all our lives,
Praiſe him from whom your power derives;
Be true and juſt like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your ſword.

Praiſe him, old monuments of time;
O praiſe him in your youthful prime;
Praiſe him, fair idols of our greedy ſenſe;
Exalt his name, ſweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name ſhall only laſt,
When heaven, and earth, and all is paſt:
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's ſacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the ſtars your empire raiſe,
And with his glory recompenſe your praiſe.

A PRO-

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN TO

His Royal Highneſs the DUKE of YORK,

At Edinburgh.

FOLLY and vice are eaſy to deſcribe,
The common ſubjects of our ſcribbling tribe;
But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, ſhine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe ſpeak,
Let France acknowledge that her ſhaken throne
Was once ſupported, Sir, by you alone:
Baniſh'd from thence for an uſurper's ſake,
Yet truſted then with her laſt deſperate ſtake:
When wealthy neighbours ſtrove with us for power,
Let the ſea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name ſtruck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he ſaw, he ſeiz'd the ſtruggling prey,
And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean blood,
Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.
O happy iſlands, if you knew your bliſs!
Strong by the ſea's protection, ſafe by his!
Expreſs your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vaſt to pay:

Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd ſo well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, ſo ſubmiſſively reſign'd,
Proclaim that ſuch a hero never ſprings,
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

SONG.

On a young Lady who ſung finely, and was afraid of a Cold.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempeſts ſwell the ſea.
In vain let ſinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing froſt, and laſting ſnow,
Through woods and fields deſtruction ſow!

Yet we unmov'd will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer ills create,
Theſe we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, bleſt Genius of our iſle,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the liſtening Gods rejoice.

May that celeſtial ſound each day
With extaſy tranſport our ſouls,
Whilſt all our paſſions it controls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold deſtroy,
All taſte we have of heavenly joy!

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

S I L E N U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing transformations which have happened in Nature ſince her birth. This Eclogue was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I Firſt of Romans ſtoop'd to rural ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among Sicilian ſwains,
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuſe,
And with this whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe

A ſhepherd

A ſhepherd, Tityrus, his flocks ſhould feed,
And chooſe a ſubject ſuited to his reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus, and thy wars)
My paſtoral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once preſum'd, I only now obey.
But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and ſuch a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad ſwains ſhall ſing,
And every grove and every echo ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unſecure of fame.
Proceed my Muſe.
Young Chromis and Mnaſylus chanc'd to ſtray
Where (ſleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whoſe conſtant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His truſty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and uſe;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haſte they ſeiz'd him, and in haſte they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitleſs hope of his inſtructive ſong:
But while with conſcious fear they doubtful ſtood,
Ægle, the faireſt Naïs of the flood,
With a vermilion dye his temples ſtain'd.
Waking, he ſmil'd, and muſt I then be chain'd?
Looſe me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.

The

The promis'd verſe no longer I'll delay
(She ſhall be ſatisfy'd another way).
With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their liſtening branches bow'd,
And ſavage beaſts and Sylvan Gods did crowd;
For lo! he ſung the world's ſtupendous birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of ſea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through univerſal night
And empty ſpace, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive order ſprings.
By what degrees this earth's compacted ſphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How ſinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born ſun ſurpriz'd the dazzled ſight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obſcure the ſky,
And clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty ground ſupply;
How the firſt foreſt rais'd its ſhady head,
Till when, few wandering beaſts on unknown mountains fed.
Then Pyrrha's ſtony race roſe from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whoſe untam'd deſire
Rival'd the ſun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endleſs prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could tell?)
Into whoſe arms the lovely Hylas fell;

Alcides

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
He with compaſſion told Paſiphaë's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill'd the ſkies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnatural heat.
Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains ſtray,
He on ſoft flowers his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſeeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, ſhe cries, ſurround the grove;
Perhaps ſome footſteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I roam,
My happier rivals have intic'd him home.
He ſung how Atalanta was betray'd
By thoſe Heſperian baits her lover laid,
And the ſad ſiſters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verſe, the poplars ſeem'd to riſe.
He taught which Muſe did by Apollo's will
Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the God for ſolemn meetings choſe)
With deep reſpect the learned ſenate roſe,
And Linus thus (deputed by the reſt)
The hero's welcome, and their thanks, expreſs'd:
This harp of old to Heſiod did belong,
To this, the Muſes' gift, join thy harmonious ſong;

Charm'd

Charm'd by theſe ſtrings, trees ſtarting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful ſound.
Thus conſecrated, thy Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why ſhould I ſpeak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monſters arm'd,
The wandering Greeks (ah frighted men!) alarm'd;
Whoſe only hope on ſhatter'd ſhips depends,
While fierce ſea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to thoſe woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While, loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her own?

Whatever near Eurota's happy ſtream
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And ſend his myſtic numbers through the ſky;
Till night began to ſpread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted ſheep from every dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing ſhades the murmuring world reſign'd.

ODE

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, ſacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempeſtuous ſea,
And with wiſe pride deſpiſe
All thoſe ſenſeleſs vanities:
With pity mov'd for others, caſt away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I ſee them toſs'd
On rocks of folly, and of vice, I ſee them loſt:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men or adverſe Fate,
Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted ſtate.
But more, far more, a numberleſs prodigious train
Whilſt Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondeſt call, blind to her greateſt charr
And, ſunk in pleaſures and in brutiſh eaſe,
They in their ſhipwreck'd ſtate themſelves obdurate ples

II.

Hail, ſacred Solitude! ſoul of my ſoul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou doſt a better life and nobler vigour give;
Doſt each unruly appetite control:
Thy conſtant quiet fills my peaceful breaſt,
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted reſt.
Preſuming love does ne'er invade
This private ſolitary ſhade;
And, with fantaſtic wounds by beauty made,

The joy has no allay of jealouſy, hope, and fear,
The ſolid comforts of this happy ſphere:
Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendſhip, abhorring ſordid gain,
And purify'd from Luſt's diſhoneſt ſtain:
Nor is it for my ſolitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendſhip does two ſouls in one compriſe.

III.

Here in a full and conſtant tide doth flow
All bleſſings man can hope to know;
Here in a deep receſs of thought we find
Pleaſures which entertain, and which exalt the mind;
Pleaſures which do from friendſhip and from knowledge riſe,
Which make us happy, as they make us wiſe:
Here may I always on this downy graſs,
Unknown, unſeen, my eaſy minutes paſs:
Till with a gentle force victorious death
My ſolitude invade,
And, ſtopping for a while my breath,
With eaſe convey me to a better ſhade.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt guard is innocence:
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poiſon'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan ſands and Scythian ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes' wealthy ſide
Pays tribute to the Perſian pride.
For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in Sabine woods I ſtray'd,
A griſly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.
No beaſt of more portentous ſize
In the Hercinian foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.
Set me in the remoteſt place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
Where angry Jove did never ſpare
One breath of kind and temperate air.
Set me where on ſome pathleſs plain
The ſwarthy Africans complain,

To

To ſee the chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching country run.
The burning zone, the frozen iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of Cælia's ſmiles:
All cold but in her breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poiſon'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honeſt mind ſafely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepeſt Scythian ſnows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaſpes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a reſiſtleſs fire,
Our great † Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

† Mrs. Catharine Philips.

IV.

Set me in the remoteſt place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo bleſt.

V.

Leave me upon ſome Libyan plain,
So ſhe my fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty monſters meet,
They 'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceneſs tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in verſe.

Part of the FIFTH SCENE of the SECOND ACT of GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AH happy grove! dark and ſecure retreat
Of ſacred ſilence, reſt's eternal ſeat;
How well your cool and unfrequented ſhade
Suits with the chaſte retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind heaven had been ſo much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elyſium ſhould be mine:

For

Fond men, by paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe idols which their fancy made;
Purchaſing riches with our time and care,
We loſe our freedom in a gilded ſnare;
And, having all, all to ourſelves refuſe,
Oppreſt with bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant good,
Vain are the boaſted titles of our blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our youth our ſhort-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increaſe our ſtore,
If our abundance makes us wiſh for more;
How happy is the harmleſs country-maid,
Who, rich by nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous aid!
Whoſe modeſt cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
But like her ſoul preſerves the native white;
Whoſe little ſtore her well-taught mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton eaſe,
Who, free from ſtorms, which on the great-ones fall,
Makes but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all;
No care but love can diſcompoſe her breaſt,
Love, of all cares, the ſweeteſt and the beſt:
While on ſweet graſs her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or men impoſe,
But one whom love has for this lover choſe,
Under ſome favourite myrtle's ſhady boughs,
They ſpeak their paſſions in repeated vows,
And whilſt a bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful heart makes as ſincere returns;

Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE DREAM.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns ſo many thouſand helpleſs ſlaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle ſleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his ſlaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his ſoft charms had eas'd my weary ſight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, diveſted of the ſcorn
Which the unequal'd maid ſo long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God eſſay'd
To tame the ſtubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, ſpite of all the pride that ſwells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A riſing bluſh increas'd the native ſtore
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more preſent the viſion to my view,
The ſweet illuſion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely ſhe, how raviſh'd I!
Shew me, bleſt God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE

THE GHOST
OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

To the New One, appointed to meet at OXFORD.

FROM deepeſt dungeons of eternal night,
The ſeats of horror, ſorrow, pains, and ſpite,
I have been ſent to tell you, tender youth,
A ſeaſonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no diſeaſe
Is like a ſurfeit of luxurious eaſe:
And of all others, the moſt tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was ſuperlatively ill,
But by degrees, with induſtry and ſkill:
And ſome, whoſe meaning hath at firſt been fair,
Grow knaves by uſe, and rebels by deſpair.
My time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep the firſt bloſſoms from the blaſt of ſin;
And by the fate of my tmultuous ways,
Preſerve yourſelves, and bring ſerener days.
The buſy, ſubtle ſerpents of the law,
Did firſt my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king preſcribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew ſeditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;

The robe was ſummon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none ſo deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he ſtood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
Priſoners and witneſſes were waiting by,
Theſe had been taught to ſwear, and thoſe to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, ſome for good eſtates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
I ſeem'd (and did but ſeem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-monarchic Heretics of ſtate,
Immoral Atheiſts, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villainy had try'd:
None knew ſo well the old pernicious way,
To ruin ſubjects, and make kings obey;
And my ſmall Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
This the king knew, and was reſolv'd to bear,
But I miſtook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy iſland could afford,
Was ſacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
In his whole paradiſe, one only tree
He had excepted by a ſtrict decree;

A ſacred

A ſacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conſpir'd to tear;
Beware, my child! divinity is there.
This ſo undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more;
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
Was ſnatch'd away by the ſwift hand of death;
And I, with all my ſins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkneſs of the lower world:
A dreadful place! which you too ſoon will ſee,
If you believe ſeducers more than me.

ON THE
DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

THOU, happy creature, art ſecure
From all the torments we endure;
Deſpair, ambition, jealouſy,
Loſt friends, nor love, diſquiet thee;
A ſullen prudence drew thee hence
From noiſe, fraud, and impertinence.
Though life eſſay'd the ſureſt wile,
Gilding itſelf with Laura's ſmile;
How didſt thou ſcorn life's meaner charms,
Thou who could'ſt break from Laura's arms!
Poor Cynick! ſtill methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthleſs crowd away.
How fondly human paſſions turn!
What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

EPILOGUE

TO

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

WHEN ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

YOU 've ſeen to-night the glory of the Eaſt,
The man, who all the then known world poſſeſt,
That kings in chains did ſon of Ammon call,
And kingdoms thought divine, by treaſon fall.
Him Fortune only favour'd for her ſport;
And when his conduct wanted her ſupport,
His empire, courage, and his boaſted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a ſlave's deſign.
Great Charles, whoſe birth has promis'd milder ſway,
Whoſe awful nod all nations muſt obey,
Secur'd by higher powers, exalted ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Thoſe miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depoſe
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And ſtopt our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a miſt before this radiant day.
So when, in heaven, the mighty rebels roſe,
Proud, and reſolv'd that empire to depoſe,

Angels

Angels fought firſt, but unſucceſsful prov'd,
God kept the conqueſt for his beſt belov'd:
At ſight of ſuch omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did aſcend the throne,
Labour'd to draw three reſtive nations on.
He boldly drives them forward without pain,
They hear his voice, and ſtraight obey the rein.
Such terror ſpeaks him deſtin'd to command;
We worſhip Jove with thunder in his hand;
But when his mercy without power appears,
We ſlight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
How weak in arms did civil diſcord ſhew!
Like Saul, ſhe ſtruck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offspring, made the royal hero's ſcorn,
Like ſons of earth, all fell as ſoon as born:
Yet let us boaſt, for ſure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltleſs, and her fields unſtain'd.

ON THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in aſhes lay,
As David and the Sibyls ſay.

II. What

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the ſtrict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

III.

The laſt loud trumpet's wondrous ſound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death ſhall, with ſurprize,
Behold the pale offender riſe,
And view the Judge with conſcious eyes.

V.

Then ſhall, with univerſal dread,
The ſacred myſtic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge aſcends his awful throne,
He makes each ſecret ſin be known,
And all with ſhame confeſs their own.

VII.

O then! what intereſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important ſtake,
When the moſt juſt have cauſe to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable king,
Thou mercy's unexhauſted ſpring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX. Forg

IX.

Forget not what my ranſom coſt,
Nor let my dear-bought ſoul be loſt,
In ſtorms of guilty terror toſt.

X.

Thou who for me didſt feel ſuch pain,
Whoſe precious blood the croſs did ſtain,
Let not thoſe agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the ſad accounting-day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whoſe load my ſoul with anguiſh bears,
I ſigh, I weep: Accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by abſolving of the thief,
Haſt given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preſerve me from that dangerous ſnare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted ſoul a place
Among thy choſen right-hand race;
The ſons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI. From

XVI.

From that inſatiable abyſs,
Where flames devour, and ſerpents hiſs,
Promote me to thy ſeat of bliſs.

XVII.

Proſtrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forſake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curſe their ſecond breath,
Who riſe to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty man compaſſion find!

PROLOGUE

TO

POMPEY, A TRAGEDY

Tranſlated by Mrs. CATH. PHILIPS,
From the French of Monſieur CORNEILLE,
And acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whoſe deſtructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæſar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obſequious flatteries of Rome:
He ſcorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beſide.

Wh

When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had ſtain'd with blood, Peace flouriſh'd in this iſle;
And you alone may boaſt, you never ſaw
Cæſar till now, and now can give him law.
Great Pompey too, comes as a ſuppliant here,
But ſays he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal juſtice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on Cæſar's ſide,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cauſe admit,
Since here ſo many Cato's judging ſit.
But you, bright nymphs, give Cæſar leave to woo,
The greateſt wonder of the world, but you;
And hear a Muſe, who has that hero taught
To ſpeak as generouſly as e'er he fought;
Whoſe eloquence from ſuch a theme deters
All tongues but Engliſh, and all pens but hers.
By the juſt Fates your ſex is doubly bleſt,
You conquer'd Cæſar, and you praiſe him beſt.
And you (* illuſtrious Sir) receive as due,
A preſent deſtiny preſerv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave ſo many crowns, beſtow one now.

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, diſturber of my tomb,
Baſe as thy mother's proſtituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's ſlave.
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I riſe, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
I ſtrove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy where the ſpring 's impure.
In all your meritorious life, we ſee
Old Taaf's invincible ſobriety.
Places of Maſter of the Horſe, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once ſupply:
From Sidney's blood your loyalty did ſpring,
You ſhew us all your parents, but the king,
From whoſe too tender and too bounteous arms
(Unhappy he who ſuch a viper warms!
As dutiful a ſubject as a ſon!)
To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apoſtate fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The firſt and faireſt of the ſons of light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

TH

THE SIXTH ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your anceſtors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And ſtatues ſully'd yet with ſacrilegious ſmoke.

Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your neglect;
All empires on the gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Craſſus' ghoſt and Labienus tell,
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with unſulting pride,
Shining in Roman ſpoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Ægyptian ſcum
Had almoſt ruin'd Rome,
While our ſeditions took their part,
Fill'd each Ægyptian ſail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.

First,

Firſt, thoſe flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conſpire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious ſtreams of crowding ſins began,
And through the ſpurious breed and guilty nation

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artiſts, at a mighty price,
Inſtruct her in the myſteries of vice;
What nets to ſpread, where ſubtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay

Marry'd, their leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of adulterous loves,
And ſcorns the common mean deſign
To take advantage of her huſband's wine,
Or ſnatch, in ſome dark place,
A haſty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd huſband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the ſtraits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the fleſh of heirs;
Convenient brutes, whoſe tributary flame
Pays the full price of luſt, and gilds the ſlighted ſhame

'T

'Twas not the ſpawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd ſeas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern Æacides;
Made the proud Aſian monarch feel
How weak his gold was againſt Europe's ſteel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-diſputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But ſoldiers of a ruſtic mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold.
Either they dug the ſtubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty ſtrokes did ſound.
And after the declining ſun
Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their taſk was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time ſenſibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worſe than theirs;
And we than ours; next age will ſee
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have ſkill enough to be.

Tranſlation of the follwing Verſe from LUCAN.

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni.

THE gods were pleas'd to chuſe the conquering ſide,
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

Shine through th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt;
Here they deſcribe a temple, or a wood,
Or ſtreams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine;
But they miſplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to ſeek in other things,
As he that only can deſign a tree,
Would be to draw a ſhipwreck or a ſtorm.
When you begin with ſo much pomp and ſhow,
Why is the end ſo little and ſo low?
Be what you will, ſo you be ſtill the ſame.
Moſt poets fall into the groſſeſt faults,
Deluded by a ſeeming excellence:
By ſtriving to be ſhort, they grow obſcure,
And when they would write ſmoothly, they want ſtrength,
Their ſprits ſink; while others, that affect
A lofty ſtyle, ſwell to a tympany;
Some timorous wretches ſtart at every blaſt,
And, fearing tempeſts, dare not leave the ſhore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of ſkill,
Is a moſt certain way of erring ſtill.
The meaneſt workman in th' Æmilian ſquare,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finiſh what he hath begun;
What can be more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the reſt are ſcandalouſly ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let

My chief care has been to write intelligibly; and where the Latin was obſcure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics; but, if I durſt, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are ſtill valued by what Horace ſays of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good underſtanding among the ingenious, and thoſe who were the moſt eſteemed were the beſt natured.

IF in a picture (Piſo) you ſhould ſee
A handſome woman with a fiſhes tail,
Or a man's head upon a horſe's neck,
Or limbs of beaſts of the moſt different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all ſorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad!
Truſt me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent ſtyle (like ſick men's dreams)
Varies all ſhapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common laws of ſenſe,
Forbid to reconcile Antipathies,
Or make a ſnake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
Some, that at firſt have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themſelves, when a few florid lines

The Lucrine mole (Cæſar's ſtupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (ſince Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
See how the Tiber (whoſe licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
Now runs a ſmooth and inoffenſive courſe,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
Why then ſhould words challenge eternity,
When greateſt men and greateſt actions die?
Uſe may revive the obſoleteſt words,
And baniſh thoſe that now are moſt in vogue;
Uſe is the judge, the law, and rule of ſpeech.

Homer firſt taught the world in epick verſe
To write of great commanders, and of kings.

Elegies were at firſt deſign'd for grief,
Though now we uſe them to expreſs our joy:
But to whoſe Muſe we owe that ſort of verſe,
Is undecided by the men of ſkill.

Rage with Iambicks arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the Dramatic Muſe.
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whoſe commanding ſound
Awes the tumultuous noiſes of the pit,
And whoſe peculiar province is the ſtage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper ſubjects for the Lyric ſong.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,

Who neither knows nor would obſerve a rule;
And chooſes to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
Let every thing have its due place and time.
A comic ſubject loves an humble verſe,
Thyeſtes ſcorns a low and comic ſtyle.
Yet comedy ſometimes may raiſe her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their ſtate too grieve;
Peleus and Telephus exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words.
He that would have ſpectators ſhare his grief,
Muſt write not only well, but movingly,
And raiſe men's paſſions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we ſee others do:
He only makes me ſad who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miſeries my own:
But, if you act them ill, I ſleep or laugh;
Your looks muſt alter, as your ſubject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſevere:
For nature forms, and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleaſure inchants, impetuous rage tranſports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd ſoul,
And theſe are all interpreted by ſpeech;
But he whoſe words and fortunes diſagree,
Abſurd, unpity'd, grows a public jeſt.
Obſerve the characters of thoſe that ſpeak,

Whether an honeſt ſervant, or a cheat,
Or one whoſe blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a buſy nurſe,
Extorting merchants, careful huſbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Aſians or Greeks.
Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Deſcribe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, raſh, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea muſt be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io muſt wander, and Oreſtes mourn.
If your bold Muſe dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the ſtage,
Be ſure you keep them up to their firſt height.
New ſubjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chooſe a well-known theme,
Than truſt to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be ſo well diſguis'd, and ſo improv'd,
That with ſome juſtice it may paſs for yours;
But then you muſt not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,
Nor (as ſome ſervile imitators do)
Preſcribe at firſt ſuch ſtrict uneaſy rules,
As you muſt ever ſlaviſhly obſerve,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.
Begin not as th' old poetaſter did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I ſing."

In what will all this oſtentation end?
The labouring mountain ſcarce brings forth a mouſe:
How far is this from the Mæonian ſtile?
"Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of Troy,
"So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw."
One with a flaſh begins, and ends in ſmoke,
The other out of ſmoke brings glorious light,
And (without raiſing expectation high)
Surprizes us with daring miracles,
The bloody Leſtrygons, Charybdis' gulph,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætna ſhore,
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Inſenſibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooſes only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are ſo aptly mix'd
That all ſeems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what every auditor expects;
If you intend that he ſhould ſtay to hear
The epilogue, and ſee the curtain fall;
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to ſpeak and go,
Loves childiſh plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A youth that firſt caſts off his tutor's yoke,

Loves

Loves horſes, hounds, and ſports, and exerciſe,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant, and profuſe.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us ſlaves to intereſt and power.
Old men are only walking hoſpitals,
Where all defects and all diſeaſes crowd
With reſtleſs pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, moroſe, full of delays and hopes,
Oppreſs'd with riches which they dare not uſe;
Ill-natur'd cenſors of the preſent age,
And fond of all the follies of the paſt.
Thus all the treaſure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves leſs than what we ſee;
Spectators only have their eyes to truſt,
But auditors muſt truſt their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a ſcene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea muſt not draw her murdering knife,
And ſpill her childrens blood upon the ſtage,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feaſt prepare.
Cadmus and Progné's metamorphoſis,
(She to a ſwallow turn'd, he to a ſnake)
And whatſoever contradicts my ſenſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.

Five acts are the juſt meaſure of a play.
Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a God;
And in one ſcene no more than three ſhould ſpeak.
A chorus ſhould ſupply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honeſty,
And ſtrict obſervance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, ſecurity, and peace,
And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's wheel,
To raiſe the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing muſt be ſung between the acts,
But what ſome way conduces to the plot.
Firſt the ſhrill ſound of a ſmall rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant ſtage,
And pleas'd the thin and baſhful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal anceſtors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by proſperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and eaſe,
The verſe, the muſic, and the ſcene, 's improv'd;
For how ſhould ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of ſenſe applaud the jeſts of fools?
Then came rich cloaths and graceful action in,
Then inſtruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us uſeful and ſententious truths,
As thoſe deliver'd by the Delphic God.
The firſt tragedians found that ſerious ſtyle
Too grave for their uncultivated age,

And ſo brought wild and naked ſatyrs in,
Whoſe motion, words, and ſhape, were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Becauſe the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confuſion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd ſuch variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
Deſcend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid ſuch meanneſs) ſoaring high
With empty ſound and airy notions fly;
For tragedy ſhould bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.
You muſt not think that a ſatiric ſtyle
Allows of ſcandalous and brutiſh words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention ſcope,
And if your ſtyle be natural and ſmooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good method and connexion may
Improve the common and the plaineſt things.
A ſatyr that comes ſtaring from the woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an orator:
But, though his language ſhould not be refin'd,
It muſt not be obſcene and impudent;
The better ſort abhors ſcurrility,
And often cenſures what the rabble likes.

Unpoliſh'd

Unpoliſh'd verſes paſs with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then to write at a looſe rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is ſuch a raſh ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praiſe.
Be perfect in the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience (not to call it worſe):
His harſh, unequal verſe was muſic then,
And rudeneſs had the privilege of wit.

When Theſpis firſt expos'd the Tragic Muſe,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the ſcene,
Where ghaſtly faces ſtain'd with lees of wine
Frighted the children, and amus'd the croud;
This Æſchylus (with indignation) ſaw,
And built a ſtage, found out a decent dreſs,
Brought vizards in (a civiler diſguiſe),
And taught men how to ſpeak and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applauſe,
Till her licentious and abuſive tongue
Waken'd the magiſtrates coercive power,
And forc'd it to ſuppreſs her inſolence.

Our writers have attempted every way;
And they deſerve our praiſe, whoſe daring Muſe
Diſdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit ſubjects for her verſe at home.
Nor ſhould we be leſs famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;

But

But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and poliſh well,
Fright poets from that neceſſary toil.
Democritus was ſo in love with wit,
And ſome men's natural impulſe to write,
That he deſpis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crackt;
And this hath ſo intoxicated ſome,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanlineſs and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Paſs current for Apollo's livery.
O my unhappy ſtars! if in the Spring
Some phyſic had not cur'd me of the ſpleen,
None would have writ with more ſucceſs than I;
But I muſt reſt contented as I am,
And only ſerve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly reſign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philoſophy directs your choice
To proper ſubjects rightly underſtood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,

what we owe our country, parents, friends,
judges and how ſenators ſhould act,
what becomes a general to do;
ſe are the likeſt copies, which are drawn
he original of human life.
etimes in rough and undigeſted plays
meet with ſuch a lucky character,
being humour'd right, and well purſued,
eeds much better than the ſhallow verſe
chiming trifles of more ſtudious pens.
:eece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
ıer ambition and her end was fame.
Roman youth is diligently taught
deep myſterious art of growing rich,
the firſt words that children learn to ſpeak
of the value of the names of coin;
a penurious wretch, that with his milk
ſuck'd the baſeſt dregs of uſury,
nd to generous and heroic thoughts?
ruſt and avarice write laſting lines?
/ou, brave youth, wiſe Numa's worthy heir,
:mber of what weight your judgment is,
never venture to commend a book,
has not paſs'd all judges and all teſts.
poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both:
ıll your precepts be ſuccinct and clear,
: ready wits may comprehend them ſoon,
faithful memories retain them long;
ıperfluities are ſoon forgot.
r be ſo conceited of your parts,

To think you may perſuade us what you pleaſe,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring youths;
But he that joins inſtruction with delight,
Profit with pleaſure, carries all the votes:
Theſe are the volumes that enrich the ſhops,
Theſe paſs with admiration through the world,
And bring their author to eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly cenſorious,
A ſtring may jar in the beſt maſter's hand,
And the moſt ſkilful archer miſs his aim;
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I would not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And ſtill perſiſts, is as impertinent
As a muſician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the ſame note:
When ſuch a poſitive abandon'd fop
(Among his numerous abſurdities)
Stumbles upon ſome tolerable line,
I fret to ſee them in ſuch company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works ſleep will ſometimes ſurpriſe;
Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod.
Poems, like pictures, are of different ſorts,
Some better at a diſtance, others near,
Some love the dark, ſome chooſe the cleareſt ligh

And boldly challenge the moſt piercing eye,
Some pleaſe for once, ſome will for ever pleaſe.
But, Piſo, (though your knowledge of the world,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wiſe)
Remember this as an important truth:
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counſellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Meſſala's powerful eloquence,
Or be leſs read than deep Caſcellius;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is eſteem'd;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allów of any mean in poeſy.
As an ill concert, and a coarſe perfume,
Diſgrace the delicacy of a feaſt,
And might with more diſcretion have been ſpar'd;
So poeſy, whoſe end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but muſt be ſtill
Sublimely good, or deſpicably ill.
In other things men have ſome reaſon left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Deſpairing of ſucceſs, forbears to try;
But all (without conſideration) write;
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they pleaſe.
But, Piſo, you are of too quick a ſight
Not to diſcern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly with your genius to contend;
Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions paſs the ſtricteſt hands,
Mine and your father's, and not ſee the light

Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend
But words once ſpoke can never be recall'd.

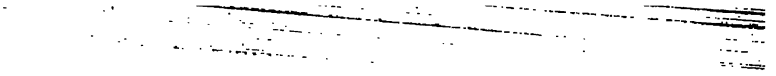
Orpheus, inſpir'd by more than human power,
Did not, as poets feign, tame ſavage beaſts,
But men as lawleſs and as wild as they,
And firſt diſſuaded them from rage and blood;
Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd the ſtones obey'd his magic lute;
Poets, the firſt inſtructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native uſe;
Some they appropriated to the gods,
And ſome to public, ſome to private ends:
Promiſcuous love by marriage was reſtrain'd,
Cities were built, and uſeful laws were made;
So great was the divinity of verſe,
And ſuch obſervance to a poet paid.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muſe
Waken'd the world, and ſounded loud alarms.
To verſe we owe the ſacred oracles,
And our beſt precepts of morality;
Some have by verſe obtain'd the love of kings,
(Who, with the Muſes, eaſe their weary'd minds;)
Then bluſh not, noble Piſo, to protect
What gods inſpire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them ſo;
I neither ſee what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they crave each other's aid.

He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Muſt uſe himſelf to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the ſoft joys of love;
And no muſician dares pretend to ſkill,
Without a great expence of time and pains;
But every little buſy ſcribbler now
Swells with the praiſes which he gives himſelf;
And, taking ſanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and ſcorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience, than poor tradeſmen do
To perſuade cuſtomers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great eſtate,
That can diſtinguiſh flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourſelf, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
For he 'll commend and feign an extaſy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to pleaſe:
True friends appear leſs mov'd than counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not ſo loud as thoſe that cry for hire.
Wiſe were the kings, who never choſe a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmaſk'd his ſoul,
And ſeen the bottom of his deepeſt thoughts;
You cannot arm yourſelf with too much care
Againſt the ſmiles of a deſigning knave.
Quintilius (if his advice were aſk'd)
Would freely tell you what you ſhould correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care ſupply the vacancy;

But if he found you fond and obſtinate
(And apter to defend than mend your faults),
With ſilence leave you to admire yourſelf,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,
Shew what ſounds harſh, and what wants ornament,
Or where it is too laviſhly beſtow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obſcure,
And with a ſtrict enquiry mark your faults;
Nor for theſe trifles fear to loſe your love:
Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of a moſt ſerious conſequence,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A poetaſter, in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proſcrib'd by men of ſenſe;
They make a lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
Or from a man whom, for a juſt revenge,
Fanatic phrenzy ſent by heaven purſues.
If (in the raving of a frantic Muſe)
And minding more his verſes than his way,
Any of theſe ſhould drop into a well,
Though he might burſt his lungs to call for help,
No creature would aſſiſt or pity him,
But ſeem to think he fell on purpoſe in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.

Give poets leave to make themſelves away,
Why ſhould it be a greater ſin to kill,
Than to keep men alive againſt their will?
Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again,
And his pretenſions to divinity:
'Tis hard to ſay whether for ſacrilege,
Or inceſt, or ſome more unheard-of crime,
The rhyming fiend is ſent into theſe men;
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſt,
And, like a baited bear when he breaks looſe,
Without diſtinction ſeize on all they meet;
None ever ſcap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like leeches, till they burſt with blood,
Without remorſe inſatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

*** Lord ROSCOMMON's verſes on the "Religio "Laici" are printed in the firſt volume of DRYDEN's Poems.



POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpoſe ſhould I ſtay?
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd ſwain, I knew the time
When diſſembling was your crime,
In pity now employ that art,
Which firſt betray'd, to eaſe my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleaſure feign:
Men diſſemble ſtill with pain.

What

What advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reaſon, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a neſt,
Where ſhe ne'er intends to reſt?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
Which when gain'd, in childiſh play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees!
Baſely flying when moſt priz'd,
Meanly fawning when deſpis'd.
Flattering or inſulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes ſevere extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjuſtly you inveigh;
Love, like us, muſt Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Conſtancy alone is ſtrange.
See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in ſtorms of thunder ſpeak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm---ſo 'tis in love.

Flames begin our firſt addreſs,
Like meeting thunder we embrace:
Then, you know, the ſhowers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How ſhould I the ſhowers forget?
'Twas ſo pleaſant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at leaſt what nymph it is,
Robs my breaſt of ſo much bliſs?
If ſhe 's fair, I ſhall be eas'd,
Through my ruin you 'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was ſo fair,
Strephon, ſcarcely, ſo ſincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many charms my heart enthral,
But there 's one above them all:
With averſion, ſhe does fly
Tedious, trading, conſtancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel ſhepherd! I ſubmit,
Do what love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not deſign.
Say you would have ſtill been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.

Be,

Be, by my example, wife;
Faith to pleaſure ſacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly ſwain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilſt you vainly thought me true,
I was falſe, in ſcorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's diſguiſe,
I thy love and thee deſpiſe.
Womankind more joy diſcovers
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOG

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHO

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE ſighs not on the plain
So loſt a ſwain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with diſdain,
Of killing ſweetneſs I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since firſt my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lam

Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by ſome cruel powers above,
So nice ſhe is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, muſt love;
Who are not vain, deſpair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no ſooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peeviſh to mankind,
For their own honour's ſake, with care
Make a ſweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since ſhe 's inſenſible of love,
By honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Muſt ſenſible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cauſe of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such baſhfulneſs may well be blam'd;
For, ſince to ſerve we 're not aſham'd,
Why ſhould ſhe bluſh to reign?

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart deſpiſe
My humble proffer'd one,
The juſt compaſſion ſhe denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
Hers are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;
My heart 's conſum'd almoſt:
New fires muſt kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that 's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'ſt live when love is loſt?
Be dead before thy paſſion dies;
For if thou ſhould'ſt ſurvive,
What anguiſh would thy heart ſurprize,
To ſee her flames begin to riſe,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleaſure ſhould I meet
In my triumphant ſcorn,
To ſee my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I ſit
A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle ſhepherd! ceaſe, for ſhame,
Which way can you pretend
To merit ſo divine a flame,
Who to dull life make a mean claim,
When love is at an end?

As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my ſoul doth cling;
When torn by the herd's greedy taſte,
The injur'd plants feel they 're defac'd,
They wither in the ſpring.
My rifled love would ſoon retire,
Diſſolving into air,
Should I that nymph ceaſe to admire,
Bleſs'd in whoſe arms I will expire,
Or at her feet deſpair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things ſubmit themſelves to your command,
Fair Cælia, when it does not love withſtand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
All but the god muſt yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, ſuch are the charms you have,
He 'd quit his godhead to become your ſlave:
So proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himſelf for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwiſe diſpos'd of things,
In different bands ſubjected ſlaves and kings:
Better'd in forms of royal ſtate are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, reſiſtleſs does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he ſhall reign.
For harmony the univerſe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?

Who

Who would reſiſt an empire ſo divine,
Which univerſal nature does enjoin?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kiſſing the rugged banks on either ſide;
While in their cryſtal ſtreams at once they ſhow,
And with them feed the flowers which they beſt
Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd ſea; for ſtreams have their deſires;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with ſuch paſſion, that if any force
Stop or moleſt them in their amorous courſe,
They ſwell, break down with rage, and ravage o'e
The banks they kiſs'd, and flowers they fed before
Submit then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquiſh'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty 's no more but the dead ſoil, which Love
Manures, and does by wiſe commerce improve:
Sailing by ſighs, through ſeas of tears, he ſends
Courtſhips from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
Cheriſh the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their uſeleſs toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you 're fond of baubles, be, and ſtarve,
Your gewgaw reputation ſtill preſerve:
Live upon modeſty and empty fame,
Foregoing ſenſe for a fantaſtic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful ſervant you diſown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own:
But bright ideas, ſuch as you inſpire,
We can no more conceal than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breaſt did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell:
Unknown and undiſturb'd it reſted there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Deſpair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The ſacred quiet of thoſe hallow'd ſhades;
His fatal flames ſhine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter ſky.
How can my paſſion merit your offence,
That challenges ſo little recompence?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, ſcarce to deſire.
A thing, whoſe bliſs depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to uſe him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitleſs ſighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since ſo much ſcorn does in your breaſt reſide,
Be more indulgent to its mother Pride.
Kill all you ſtrike, and trample on their graves;
But own the fates of your neglected ſlaves:

When in the crowd yours undiſtinguiſh'd lies,
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you 'll think I find
More mercy, than your anger has deſign'd:
But Love has carefully deſign'd for me,
The laſt perfection of miſery.
For to my ſtate the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, muſt ceaſe,
My worſt of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I muſt be no more your ſlave.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phillis continued ſtill unkind:
Then you may e'en deſpair, he ſaid,
In vain I ſtrive to change her mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart,
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I 'd take your part,
And ſhew myſelf a mightier god.

III.

This huffing Honour domineers
In breaſts, where he alone has place:
But if true generous Love appears,
The hector dares not ſhew his face.

IV. Le

IV.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt inhumanly deny'd:
I have ſome pleaſure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

V.

I fall a ſacrifice to Love,
She lives a wretch for Honour's ſake.
Whoſe tyrant does moſt cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Conſider Real Honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the ſame;
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean miſtruſtful ſhame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

THE utmoſt grace the Greeks could ſhew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiſs'd the ſoft wanton god of love;

This clapp'd his wings, that preſs'd his vine;
And their beſt powers united move.
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her aſleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

AN age, in her embraces paſt,
Would ſeem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haſte,
Are torn and ſnatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how ſlowly minutes roll,
When abſent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my ſoul,
It languiſhes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a ſoul but ſhade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my breaſt, by abſence made
The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiſer men deſpiſe me not;
Whoſe love-ſick fancy raves,
On ſhades of ſouls, and heaven knows what:
Short ages live in graves.

V. Whe

V.

Whene'er thoſe wounding eyes, ſo full
Of ſweetneſs you did ſee,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor cenſure us, you who perceive
My beſt-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we diſagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis ſacred jealouſy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantaſtic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe:
Taking falſe pleaſure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when paſt,
Prove our heart's treaſure fix'd and dear,
And make us bleſs'd at laſt.

A SONG.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languiſh ſtill;
Then aſk me not, When I return?
The ſtraying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wiſh all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantaſtic mind may prove
The torments it deſerves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy ſafe boſom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth, does flow,
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Leſt, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on ſome baſe heart unbleſt;
Faithleſs to thee, falſe, unforgiven,
And loſe my everlaſting reſt.

A SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I adviſe,
Make up for time miſ-ſpent,
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old ſo ſoon;
Your pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe ſtars contrive, in ſpight,
The morning of her love ſhould be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You 'll peeviſhly be coy,
Die with the ſcandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmleſs frown;
When not one charm her face forſakes.
Love cannot looſe his own.

II.

So ſweet a face, ſo ſoft a heart,
Such eyes ſo very kind,
Betray, alas! the ſilly art
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature to maintain
Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The ſcorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
When I plead paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears (but more ſhe loves)
Her vaſſal ſhould undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

ALL my paſt life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like tranſitory dreams given o'er,
Whoſe images are kept in ſtore
By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The preſent moment 's all my lot;
And that, as faſt as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

III.

III.

Then talk not of inconſtancy,
  Falſe hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
  'Tis all that heaven allows.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE on thoſe lovely looks I gaze,
  To ſee a wretch purſuing,
In raptures of a bleſs'd amaze,
  His pleaſing happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
  His fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe heart, broke with a load of love,
  Dies wiſhing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
  Your ſlave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
  Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
  In love 'tis equal meaſure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
  The vanquiſh'd die with pleaſure.

A SONG.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my ar
Great Love, at firſt ſight of Olinda's bright cha
Made proud and ſecure by ſuch forces as theſe,
You may now play the tyrant as ſoon as you plea

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conſpire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my deſire;
Why ſhould I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleaſing hope by baſe fear be deſtroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty 's inclin'd, or why ſhould it purſue m
And wit has to pleaſure been ever a friend;
Then what room for deſpair, ſince delight is Love's

IV.

There can be no danger in ſweetneſs and youth,
Where love is ſecur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I 'll gaze, and of pleaſure complai
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to ſurprize,
But her wit leads in triumph the ſlave of her eye
I beheld, with the loſs of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever muſt ſerve and adore.

VI.

VI.

› bright is my goddeſs, her temple too weak:
ire, divine image! I feel my heart break.
p, Love; I diſſolve in a rapture of charms,
the thought of thoſe joys I ſhould meet in her arms.

ON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

IS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
with what face can I incline
damn you to be only mine:
ı, whom ſome kinder power did faſhion,
merit, and by inclination,
: joy at leaſt of a whole nation?

II.

meaner ſpirits of your ſex,
h humble aims their thoughts perplex:
l boaſt, if, by their arts, they can
trive to make one happy man.
ile, mov'd by an impartial ſenſe,
›urs, like Nature, you diſpenſe,
h univerſal influence.

UPON

UPON
DRINKING IN A B

I.

VULCAN, contrive me ſuch a cup
As Neſtor us'd of old;
Shew all thy ſkill to trim it up,
Damaſk it round with gold.

II.

Make it ſo large, that, fill'd with ſack
Up to the ſwelling brim,
Vaſt toaſts on the delicious lake,
Like ſhips at ſea, may ſwim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I 've nought to do;
I 'm none of thoſe that took Mæſtrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd ſtars, or conſtellations:
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a ſpreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

ıpid and Bacchus my ſaints are.
May drink and love ſtill reign!
ith wine I waſh away my cares,
And then to Love again.

A SONG.

I.

S Chloris full of harmleſs thoughts
Beneath a willow lay,
ınd Love a youthful ſhepherd brought,
To paſs the time away.

II.

ıe bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the amorous ſwain;
ut, as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

ı ſudden paſſion ſeiz'd her heart,
In ſpight of her diſdain;
he found a pulſe in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

ıh, youth! (ſaid ſhe) what charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
ıh! let me----for, unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

V.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lye.

VI.

Thus ſhe, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a ſwain.

A SONG.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I aſk nothing but my due;
To call you falſe, and then to ſay
You ſhall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! againſt my will,
I muſt be your captive ſtill.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs charms,
All beſides but weakly move,
Fierceſt anger it diſarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the lover's ſervile chain,
And makes the ſlaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than ſcorn, and cold diſdain:
I, to cheriſh your deſire,
Kindneſs us'd, but 't was in vain.

II.

You inſiſted on your ſlave,
Humble love you ſoon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which inglorioufly you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrſis, I will e'er
By my love my empire loſe;
You grow conſtant through deſpair,
Love return'd you would abuſe.

IV.

Though you ſtill poſſeſs my heart,
Scorn and rigour I muſt feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You that could my heart ſubdue,
To new conqueſts ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I ſhould complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjuſtly ſcorn;
Since that poor ſwain that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born,
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A ſurer way I 'll try;
And, to revenge my ſlighted love,
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind ſhall call
The ſighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The tears that vainly fall:

That welcome hour that ends this ſmart,
Will then begin your pain;
For ſuch a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

I.

MY dear miſtreſs has a heart
Soft as thoſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When, with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes, ſhe did enſlave me.
But her conſtancy 's ſo weak,
She 's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleaſures, wounding bliſſes:
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kiſſes.
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

A LETTER

From ARTEMISA in the Town, To CLOE in the Country.

CLOE, by your command in verſe I write;
Shortly you 'll bid me ride aſtride and fight:
Such talents better with our ſex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At leaſt they paſs'd for ſuch before they writ)
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly deſigning large returns of praiſe;
Who durſt that ſtormy pathleſs world explore,
Were ſoon daſh'd back, and wreck'd on the dull ſhore,
Broke of that little ſtock they had before!
How would a woman's tottering barque be toſt,
Where ſtouteſt ſhips (the men of wit) are loſt!
When I reflect on this, I ſtraight grow wiſe,
And my own ſelf I gravely thus adviſe:
Dear Artemiſa! poetry 's a ſnare;
Bedlam has many manſions, have a care;
Your Muſe diverts you, makes the reader ſad;
You think yourſelf inſpir'd, he thinks you mad.
Conſider too, 'twill be diſcreetly done,
To make yourſelf the fiddle of the town.
To find th' ill-humour'd pleaſure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and ſcorn'd when you ſucceed.

Thus,

like an arrant woman as I am,
ner well convinc'd writing 's a ſhame,
Whore is ſcarce a more reproachful name
Poeteſs------
ıen that marry, or like maids that woo,
e 'tis th' very worſt thing they can do:
with the contradiction and the ſin,
ıks I ſtand on thorns till I begin.
xpect to hear, at leaſt, what love has paſt
lewd town, ſince you and I ſaw laſt;
change has happen'd of intrigues, and whether
d ones laſt, and who and who's together.
w, my deareſt Cloe, ſhould I ſet
ı to write what I would fain forget!
ne that loſt thing Love, without a tear,
ɔ debauch'd by ill-bred cuſtoms here
the moſt generous paſſion of the mind,
fteſt refuge innocence can find;
fe director of unguided youth,
t with kind wiſhes, and ſecur'd by truth;
ɔrdial-drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
ce the nauſeous draught of life go down;
ch one only bleſſing God might raiſe,
ls of Atheiſts, ſubſidies of praiſe:
ıe did e'er ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
t a God, and bleſs'd his power, in love:
ıly joy, for which poor we are made,
n, like play, to be an arrant trade:
ɔks creep in, and it has got of late
ıy little cheats and tricks as that;

But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own ſex;
Our ſilly ſex, who born, like monarchs, free,
Turn Gipſies for a meaner liberty,
And hate reſtraint, though but from infamy:
That call whatever is not common nice,
And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
Forſake the pleaſure, to purſue the vice.
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action Love, the paſſion is forgot.
'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
And ev'n without approving they deſire:
Their private wiſh obeys the public voice,
'Twixt good and bad whimſy decides, not choice:
Faſhions grow up for taſte, at forms they ſtrike,
They know what they would have, not what they like.
Bovy 's a beauty, if ſome few agree
To call him ſo, the reſt to that degree
Affected are, that with their ears they ſee.
Where I was viſiting the other night,
Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own ſkill,
At his requeſt, though much againſt his will,
To come to London------
As the coach ſtopt, I heard her voice, more loud
Than a great-belly'd woman's in a croud;
Telling the knight, that her affairs require
He, for ſome hours, obſequiouſly retire.
I think ſhe was aſham'd he ſhould be ſeen:
Hard fate of huſbands! the gallant had been,
Though a diſeas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.

Diſguſt

Diſpatch, ſays ſhe, the buſineſs you pretend,
Your beaſtly viſit to your drunken friend,
A bottle ever makes you look ſo fine;
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of wine.
Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill;
Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.
Pr'ythee, farewel; we'll meet again anon:
The neceſſary thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up ſtairs, and all the haſte does ſhow
That fifty antic poſtures will allow;
And then burſts out----Dear madam, am not I
The ſtrangeſt, alter'd, creature: let me die,
I find myſelf ridiculouſly grown,
Embarraſt with my being out of town:
Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
My country nakedneſs is plainly ſeen.
How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the ſtate;
And pray who are the men moſt worn of late?
When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
The men of wit were then held incommode:
Slow of belief, and fickle in deſire,
Who, ere they 'll be perſuaded, muſt enquire,
As if they came to ſpy, and not t' admire:
With ſearching wiſdom, fatal to their eaſe,
They ſtill find out why what may ſhould not pleaſe;
Nay, take themſelves for injur'd, when we dare
Make them think better of us than we are;
And if we hide our frailties from their ſights,
Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;

They little gueſs, who at our arts are griev'd,
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
Inquiſitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
Rather than not be knowing, they will know
What, being known, creates their certain woe.
Women ſhould theſe, of all mankind, avoid,
For wonder, by clear knowledge, is deſtroy'd.
Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
Bold in the duſk, before a fool's dull ſight
Muſt fly, when Reaſon brings the glaring light.
But the kind eaſy fool, apt to admire
Himſelf, truſts us; his follies all conſpire
To flatter his, and favour our deſire:
Vain of his proper merit, he with eaſe
Believes we love him beſt, who beſt can pleaſe;
On him our groſs, dull, common flatteries paſs,
Ever moſt happy when moſt made an aſs;
Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
Perceive us falſe, the fop himſelf is blind;
Who, doating on himſelf------
Thinks every one that ſees him of his mind.
Theſe are true womens men----Here, forc'd to ceaſe
Through want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
She to the window runs, where ſhe had ſpy'd
Her much-eſteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
With forty ſmiles, as many antic bows,
As if 't had been the lady of the houſe,
The dirty chattering monſter ſhe embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender ſpeech at laſt:

Kiſs

Kiſs me, thou curious miniature of man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
For half an hour, in compliments ſhe ran:
I took this time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt thing into the world ſhe ſent,
So very wiſe, yet ſo impertinent:
One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
Should be an aſs through choice, not want of wit;
Whoſe foppery, without the help of ſenſe,
Could ne'er have roſe to ſuch an excellence:
Nature 's as lame in making a true fop
As a philoſopher; the very top
And dignity of folly we attain
By ſtudious ſearch and labour of the brain,
By obſervation, counſel, and deep thought:
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
We owe that name to induſtry and arts:
An eminent fool muſt be a fool of parts,
And ſuch a one was ſhe, who had turn'd o'er
As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
Had a diſcerning wit; to her was known
Every one's fault, or merit, but her own.
All the good qualities that ever bleſt
A woman ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Except diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt.
But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, ſhe cries, adieu;
And the diſcourſe broke off does thus renew:
You ſmile to ſee me, who the world perchance
Miſtakes to have ſome wit, ſo far advance

The intereſt of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit in love;
But in our ſex too many proofs there are
Of ſuch whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was ſo obſerv'd a rule,
(Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meaneſt common ſlut, who long was grown
The jeſt and ſcorn of every pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have ſubdued
Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.)
Foſter could make an Iriſh lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city cokes.
A woman 's ne'er ſo ruin'd, but ſhe can
Be ſtill reveng'd on her undoer, man:
How loſt ſoe'er, ſhe'll find ſome lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool than ſhe a whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
Through all the ſeveral ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at firſt by love, and living then
By turning the too-dear-bought cheat on men:
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When firſt the town her early beauties knew;
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with preſents fed,
Youth in her looks, and pleaſure in her bed;
Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit;
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jeſt, and went away.
Now ſcorn'd of all, forſaken and oppreſt,
She 's a *memento mori* to the reſt:

Diſeas'd,

Diſeas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Muſt mortgage her long ſcarf and mantua gown;
Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
In ſome dark hole muſt all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
That for one month ſhe tawdry may appear.
In Eaſter-term ſhe gets her a new gown;
When my young maſter's worſhip comes to town,
From pedagogue and mother juſt ſet free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with ſtrong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever ſince the Conqueſt have been fools;
And now, with careful proſpect to maintain
This character, leſt croſſing of the ſtrain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A couſin of his own to be his bride:
And thus ſet out-----
With an eſtate, no wit, and a young wife,
The ſolid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Dunghill and peaſe forſook, he comes to town,
Turns ſpark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
Nothing ſuits worſe with vice than want of ſenſe,
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own expence.
This o'er-grown ſchool-boy loſt Corinna wins;
At the firſt daſh to make an aſs begins:
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town;
Freſh is the youth, and faithful in his love,
Eager of joys which he does ſeldom prove;

Healthful

Healthful and ſtrong, he does no pains endure
But what the fair-one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the ſex eſteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdneſs of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheiſts, and maintains
'Tis better than good ſenſe, than power or weal
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never ſeen
A creature look ſo gay, or talk ſo fine,
Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient ſeat,
To buy his miſtreſs a new houſe for life,
To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
And when to th' height of fondneſs he is grown
'Tis time to poiſon him, and all 's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her baſtard heir to his eſtate;
And, as the race of ſuch an owl deſerve,
His own dull lawful progeny he ſtarves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each inſect to ſome end ordain)
Wiſely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out.
Thus ſhe ran on two hours, ſome grains of
Still mixt with follies of impertinence.
But now 'tis time I ſhould ſome pity ſhow
To Cloe, ſince I cannot chooſe but know,
Readers muſt reap what dulleſt writers ſow.

By the next poſt I will ſuch ſtories tell,
As, join'd to theſe, ſhall to a volume ſwell;
As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
But you are tir'd, and ſo am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

From Lord ROCHESTER to Lord MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does ſo abound
In ſaucy cenſurers, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Beſtowing, threw away on the dull age.
But (howſoe'er envy their ſpleen may raiſe,
To rob my brows of the deſerved bays)
Their thanks, at leaſt, I merit; ſince through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I 'll ſay in my defence,
T' obtain one line of your well-worded ſenſe,
I 'll be content t' have writ the "Britiſh Prince."
I 'm none of thoſe who think themſelves inſpir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all ſort of ſelf-denial.
Which way ſoe'er deſire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:

And

And if expoſing what I take for wit,
To my dear ſelf a pleaſure I beget,
No matter though the cenſuring critics fret.
Theſe whom my Muſe diſpleaſes are at ſtrife,
With equal ſpleen, againſt my courſe of life;
The leaſt delight of which I 'll not forego,
For all the flattering praiſe man can beſtow.
If I deſign'd to pleaſe, the way were then
To mend my manners, rather than my pen:
The firſt 's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the ſecond I deſpair of it,
Since grace is not ſo hard to get as wit:
Perhaps ill verſes ought to be confin'd,
In mere good-breeding, like unſavoury wind.
Were reading forc'd, I ſhould be apt to think,
Men might no more write ſcurvily than ſtink.
I 'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
In all I write, ſhould ſenſe, and wit, and rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet ſomething ſo ſublime
Shall ſtamp my poem, that the world may ſee,
It could have been produc'd by none but me.
And that 's my end; for man can wiſh no more
Than ſo to write, as none e'er writ before;
Yet why am I no poet of the times?
I have alluſions, ſimilies, and rhymes,
And wit; or elſe 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole race of mankind, ſhould have none.
Unequally the partial hand of heaven
Has all but this one only bleſſing given.

The

The world appears like a great family,
Whoſe lord, oppreſs'd with pride and poverty,
(That to a few great bounty he may ſhow)
Is fain to ſtarve the numerous train below.
Juſt ſo ſeems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuſe, and there it meanly ſaves,
And for one prince, it makes ten thouſand ſlaves.
In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
Of which ſo juſt a ſhare to each is ſent,
That the moſt avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due diviſion 's ſuch)
His own too little, or his friend's too much.
Yet moſt men ſhew, or find, great want of wit,
Writing themſelves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of ſprightly vigour full,
Look on mankind as envious and dull.
Born to myſelf, I like myſelf alone,
And muſt conclude my judgment good, or none:
For could my ſenſe be naught, how ſhould I know
Whether another man's were good or no?
Thus I reſolve of my own poetry,
That 'tis the beſt; and there 's a fame for me.
If then I 'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to merit due, or arrogance?
Oh, but the world will take offence hereby!
Why then the world ſhall ſuffer for 't, not I.
Did e'er this ſaucy world and I agree,
To let it have its beaſtly will on me?

Why

Why ſhould my proſtituted ſenſe be drawn,
To every rule their muſty cuſtoms ſpawn?
But men may cenſure you; 'tis two to one,
Whene'er they cenſure, they 'll be in the wrong.
There 's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh, and ſo falſe, as common fame.
It calls the courtier knave, the plain-man rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
Impertinent the briſk, moroſe the ſad,
Mean the familiar, the reſerv'd-one mad.
Poor helpleſs woman is not favour'd more,
She 's a ſly hypocrite, or public whore.
Then who the devil would give this---to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy?
Theſe things conſider'd, make me (in deſpight
Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious creatures man,
A ſpirit free, to chooſe for my own ſhare,
What ſort of fleſh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I 'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.

The

The ſenſes are too groſs, and he 'll contrive
A ſixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain inſtinct, will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one does err.
Reaſon, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, ſenſe, behind:
Pathleſs and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilſt the miſguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimſies, heapt in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundleſs ſea, where like to drown
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with bladders of philoſophy;
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake the ſkipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled ſight,
Till, ſpent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him underſtand,
After a ſearch ſo painful and ſo long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reaſoning engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch:
His wiſdom did his happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know the world he ſhould enjoy:
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own expence;

For

For wits are treated juſt like common whores,
Firſt they 're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
The pleaſure paſt, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with ſucceeding pains.
Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleaſure allures; and when the fops eſcape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now, methinks, ſome formal band and beard
Takes me to taſk: come on, Sir, I 'm prepar'd.
Then, by your favour, any thing that 's writ,
Againſt this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly; but you 'll take care,
Upon this point, not to be too ſevere;
Perhaps my Muſe were fitter for this part;
For, I profeſs, I can be very ſmart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to laſh it in ſome ſharp eſſay,
But your grand indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reaſon and mankind?
Bleſt glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlaſting ſoul hath freely given;
Whom his great Maker took ſuch care to make,
That from himſelf he did the image take,
And this fair frame in ſhining reaſon dreſt,
To dignify his nature above beaſt:

Reaſon,

Reaſon, by whoſe aſpiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material ſenſe,
Dive into myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
The flaming limits of the univerſe,
Search heaven and hell, find out what 's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reaſon I deſpiſe
This ſupernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he 's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his ſhort life, void of all reſt,
To the Eternal and the Ever-bleſt:
This buſy puzzling ſtirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep myſteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges and ſchools,
Borne on whoſe wings, each heavy ſot can pierce
The limits of the boundleſs univerſe.
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcaſe through the ſky.
'Tis this exalted power, whoſe buſineſs lies
In nonſenſe and impoſſibilities:
This made a whimſical philoſopher,
Before the ſpacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions' government,
Where action ceaſes, thought 's impertinent.

Our ſphere of action is life's happineſs,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an aſs.
Thus whilſt againſt falſe reaſoning I inveigh,
I own right reaſon, which I would obey;
That reaſon, which diſtinguiſhes by ſenſe,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds deſires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your reaſon hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites, yours would deſtroy.
My reaſon is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Hunger calls out, my reaſon bids me eat;
Perverſely yours, your appetite does mock;
This aſks for food; that anſwers, what 's a clock?
This plain diſtinction, Sir, your doubt ſecures;
'Tis not true reaſon I deſpiſe, but yours.
Thus I think reaſon righted: but for man,
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
For all his pride, and his philoſophy,
'Tis evident beaſts are, in their degree,
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he.
Thoſe creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare,
Better than Meres ſupplies committee-chair;
Though one 's a ſtateſman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler in juſtice will be wiſer found.
You ſee how far man's wiſdom here extends:
Look next if human nature makes amends;

Whoſe

Whoſe principles are moſt generous and juſt;
And to whoſe morals you would ſooner truſt:
Be judge yourſelf, I 'll bring it to the teſt,
Which is the baſeſt creature, man or beaſt:
Birds feed on birds, beaſts on each other prey,
But ſavage man alone does man betray.
Preſt by neceſſity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himſelf no good:
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to ſupply their want.
But man, with ſmiles, embraces, friendſhips, praiſe,
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains works his diſtreſs;
Not through neceſſity, but wantonneſs.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
Whilſt wretched man is ſtill in arms for fear:
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
From fear to fear ſucceſſively betray'd:
Baſe fear, the ſource whence his beſt paſſions came,
His boaſted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
The luſt of power, to which he 's ſuch a ſlave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrews his actions in a forc'd diſguiſe;
Leads a moſt tedious life, in miſery,
Under laborious, mean hypocriſy.
Look to the bottom of his vaſt deſign,
Wherein man's wiſdom, power, and glory join;

The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
Merely for ſafety, after fame they thirſt;
For all men would be cowards if they durſt:
And honeſty 's againſt all common ſenſe;
Men muſt be knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
Mankind 's diſhoneſt; if you think it fair,
Amongſt known cheats, to play upon the ſquare,
You 'll be undone------
Nor can weak truth your reputation ſave;
The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o'er, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſs a villain than the reſt.
Thus here you ſee what human nature craves,
Moſt men are cowards, all men ſhould be knaves.
The difference lies, as far as I can ſee,
Not in the thing itſelf, but the degree;
And all the ſubject-matter of debate,
Is only who 's a knave of the firſt rate.

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd,
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, ſwoln with ſelfiſh vanity, deviſe
Falſe freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lyes,
Over their fellow-ſlaves to tyrannize.
But if in court ſo juſt a man there be,
(In court a juſt man, yet unknown to me)

Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppreſs and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way ſoever laid,
Is ſtill a tax on that unhappy trade;
If ſo upright a ſtateſman you can find,
Whoſe paſſions bend to his unbiaſs'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raiſe his country, not his family.
Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whoſe life his faith and doctrine juſtifies?
Not one blown up with vain aſpiring pride,
Who, for reproof of ſins, does man deride:
Whoſe envious heart with ſaucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of ſenſe:
Who in his talking vents more peeviſh lyes,
More bitter railings, ſcandals, calumnies,
Than at a goſſiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the ſenſual tribe, whoſe talents lie
In avarice, pride, in ſloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives,
Whoſe luſt exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a ſcore of years completed be,
Can from the lofty ſtage of honour ſee,
Half a large pariſh their own progeny.
Nor doating ------ who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board,
A greater fop, in buſineſs at fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious toys, affected more,

Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noiſe, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.
But a meek humble man of modeſt ſenſe,
Who, preaching peace, does practiſe continence;
Whoſe pious life 's a proof he does believe
Myſterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell ſuch godlike men,
I 'll here recant my paradox to them;
Adore thoſe ſhrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me this at leaſt,
Man differs more from man, than man from beaſt.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS ſome brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but preſt with courage ſtill,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill:

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wiſe and daring conduct of the fight:
And each bold action to his mind renews
His preſent glory and his paſt delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flaſhes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks away,
Tranſported thinks himſelf amidſt his foes,
And abſent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV. So

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I 'm by wine and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleaſing billows of debauch,
On the dull ſhore of lazy temperance:

V.

My pains at laſt ſome reſpite ſhall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain;
When fleets of glaſſes ſail around the board,
From whoſe broadſides vollies of wit ſhall rain.

VI.

Nor ſhall the ſight of honourable ſcars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-liſted ſoldiers from the wars;
Paſt joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should ſome brave youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly ſhrink,
'Twould pleaſe the ghoſt of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or ſhould ſome cold-complexion'd ſot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's briſk alarms;
I 'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was ſtrong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I 'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortreſs won;
Windows demoliſh'd, watches overcome,
And handſome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like theſe I will ſuch heat inſpire,
As to important miſchief ſhall incline;
I 'll make him long ſome ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdneſs they 're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus ſtateſman-like I 'll ſaucily impoſe,
And, ſafe from danger, valiantly adviſe;
Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing elſe, be wiſe.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to ſhade,
That hadſt a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something ſtraight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united---What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its ſole original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

IV.

Yet ſomething did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptineſs's hand,
Snatched men, beaſts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V. Matter,

V.

Matter, the wicked'ſt offſpring of thy race,
By Form aſſiſted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel light obſcur'd thy reverend duſky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time aſſiſts the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy ſlaves again.

VIII.

Though myſteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy boſom, where the truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the wiſe may freely ſay,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wiſely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wiſe
Enquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe?
Didſt thou not ſtand to point their dull philoſophies.

IX.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or falſe, the ſubject of debate,
That perfect or deſtroy the vaſt deſigns of Fate;

XII. When

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breaſt,
Within thy boſom moſt ſecurely reſt,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe and beſt.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something ſtill permit,
That ſacred monarchs ſhould at council ſit,
With perſons highly thought at beſt for nothing fit?

XIV.

Whilſt weighty Something modeſtly abſtains
From princes' coffers, and from ſtateſmens' brains,
And nothing there like ſtately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'ſt with fools in grave diſguiſe,
For whom they reverend ſhapes and forms deviſe,
Lawn ſleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wiſe.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch proweſs, Britiſh policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' diſpatch, Danes' wit, are mainly ſeen in thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his beſt friend,
Kings' promiſes, whores' vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION
OF
SOME LINES IN LUCRETIUS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, muſt poſſeſs
An everlaſting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares;
Rich in themſelves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

The latter End of the CHORUS of the Second Act of SENECA'S TROAS, Tranſlated.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
The utmoſt limits of a gaſp of breath.
Let the ambitious zealot lay aſide
His hope of heaven (whoſe faith is but his pride);
Let ſlaviſh ſouls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this life they ſhall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world,
And to that maſs of matter ſhall be ſwept
Where things deſtroy'd with things unborn are kept;
Devouring Time ſwallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds body and ſoul.

For

For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlaſting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim griſly dog that keeps the door,
Are ſenſeleſs ſtories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimſies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJEST

ON HIS

RESTORATION in the YEAR 1660

VIRTUE's triumphant ſhrine! who doſt eng
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage;
Which in extatic duty ſtrive to come
Out of themſelves, as well as from their home;
Whilſt England grows one camp, and London is
Itſelf the nation, not metropolis;
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men;
Forgive this diſtant homage, which does meet
Your bleſt approach on ſedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In ſteel before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wiſhes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold reſpect were treaſon to
A father's aſhes, greater than to you;
Whoſe one ambition 't is for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's ſon.

Wadh. Coll.

TO HER
SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,
ON THE
DEATH of MARY, Princeſs of Orange.

RESPITE, great queen, your juſt and haſty fears:
There 's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet ſighs have an untainted guiltleſs breath.
Oh! ſtay a while, and teach your equal ſkill
To underſtand, and to ſupport our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have ſpent,
And ſeem to have out-liv'd ev'n baniſhment:
Whom traiterous miſchief ſought its earlieſt prey,
When to moſt ſacred blood it made its way;
And did thereby its black deſign impart,
To take his head, that wounded firſt his heart:
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin ſtood,
When three great nations ſunk beneath the load;
Then a young daughter loſt, yet balſam found
To ſtanch that new and freſhly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and ſteady eyes
Beheld your noble Glouceſter's obſequies:
And then ſuſtain'd the royal Princeſs' fall;
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our ſad complaints loſt in the empty wind;

Thoſe

Thoſe winds that bid you ſtay, and loudly roar
Deſtruction, and drive back to the firm ſhore;
Shipwreck to ſafety, and the envy fly
Of ſharing in this ſcene of tragedy:
While ſickneſs, from whoſe rage you poſt away,
Relents, and only now contrives your ſtay;
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair princeſs, and forgets to kill:
In vain on fevers curſes we diſpenſe,
And vent our paſſion's angry eloquence:
In vain we blaſt the miniſters of Fate,
And the forlorn phyſicians imprecate;
Say they to death new poiſons add and fire,
Murder ſecurely for reward and hire;
Arts baſiliſks, that kill whome'er they ſee,
And truly write bills of mortality,
Who, left the bleeding corpſe ſhould them betray,
Firſt drain thoſe vital ſpeaking ſtreams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with theſe?
Become yourſelf a third and new diſeaſe?
If they have caus'd our loſs, then ſo have you,
Who take yourſelf and the fair princeſs too:
For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have
When France doth raviſh hence, as when the grave:
But that your choice th' unkindneſs doth improve,
And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
"That 't is ſtill better to be pleas'd than not;"
And therefore never their own torment plot.
While the malicious Critics ſtill agree
To loath each play they come and pay to ſee.
The firſt know 'tis a meaner part of ſenſe
To find a fault, than taſte an excellence:
Therefore they praiſe, and ſtrive to like, while theſe
Are dully vain of being hard to pleaſe.
Poets and women have an equal right
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but ſpight.
'Twas impotence did firſt this vice begin;
Fools cenſure wit, as old men rail at ſin:
Who envy pleaſure which they cannot taſte,
And, good for nothing, would be wiſe at laſt.
Once therefore to the women it appears,
That all the enemies of wit are theirs,
Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
To ſtand or fall with beauty on his ſide.

AN

AN ALLUSION TO THE Tenth Satire of the First Book of HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 't is granted; I said Dryden's rhymes
Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times:
What foolish patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
With wit and learning, justly pleas'd the town,
In the same paper I as freely own.
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass
That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense,
Hits the false judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,
Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull load;
Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:
But within due proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear
With useless words t' oppress the weary'd ear.

Here

Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite,
For elegance ſake, ſometimes allay the force
Of epithets, 'twill ſoften the diſcourſe:
A jeſt in ſcorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remoteſt ſatire's ſting.
Shakeſpeare and Jonſon did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well,
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himſelf a ſheer original.
Nor that ſlow drudge in ſwift Pindaric ſtrains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muſe, whipt, with looſe reins.
When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Hannibal a whining amorous ſlave,
I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd fuſtian fool
In Buſby's hands, to be well laſh'd at ſchool.
Of all our modern wits, none ſeem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell, and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;
With juſt bold ſtrokes he daſhes here and there,
Showing great maſtery with little care,
Scorning to varniſh his good touches o'er,
To make the fools and women praiſe them more.
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains:
He frequently excels, and, at the leaſt,
Makes fewer faults than any of the reſt.

Waller, by Nature for the Bays deſign'd,
With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
In panegyric does excel mankind.
He beſt can turn, enforce, and ſoften things,
To praiſe great conquerors, and flatter kings,
For pointed ſatire I would Buckhurſt chooſe,
The beſt good man, with the worſt-natur'd Muſe.
For ſongs and verſes mannerly obſcene,
That can ſtir Nature up by ſprings unſeen,
And, without forcing bluſhes, warm the queen;
Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
That can with a reſiſtleſs power impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart,
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away,
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob,
And thus he got the name of poet Squab.
But to be juſt, 't will to his praiſe be found,
His excellences more than faults abound;
Nor dare I from his ſacred temples tear
The laurel, which he beſt deſerves to wear.
But does not Dryden find even Jonſon dull?
Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakeſpeare's ſtyle
Stiff and affected? To his own the while

Allowing

Allowing all the juſtice that his pride
So arrogantly had to theſe deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To ſearch and cenſure Dryden's works, and try
If thoſe groſs faults his choice pen doth commit
Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?
Or if his lumpiſh fancy does refuſe
Spirit and grace to his looſe flattern Muſe?
Five hundred verſes every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit:
Such ſcribbling authors have been ſeen before;
Muſtapha, the Iſland Princeſs, forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
To write what may ſecurely ſtand the teſt
Of being well read over thrice at leaſt;
Compare each phraſe, examine every line,
Weigh every word, and every thought refine;
Scorn all applauſe the vile rout can beſtow,
And be content to pleaſe thoſe few who know.
Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken thing,
To wiſh thy works might make a play-houſe ring
With the unthinking laughter and poor praiſe
Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
Then ſend a cunning friend to learn thy doom
From the ſhrewd judges in the drawing-room.
I 've no ambition on that idle ſcore,
But ſay with Betty Morice heretofore,
When a court lady call'd her Buckley's whore;
I pleaſe one man of wit, am proud on't too,
Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.

Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight,
Who ſquints more in his judgment than his ſight,
Picks ſilly faults, and cenſures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
For ſcabs and coach-room cry my verſes down?
I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurſt, Buckingham,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my ſenſe: I count their cenſure fame.

Sir CAR SCROPE, who thought himſelf reflected on at the latter End of the preceding Poem, publiſhed a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occaſioned the following Reply.

To Sir CAR SCROPE.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praiſe, to a low untun'd ſtrain,
In thee was moſt impertinent and vain.
When in thy perſon we more clearly ſee
That ſatire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To ſhew there were ſome men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for meer ſport, who differ but in ſhapes:
In thee are all theſe contradictions join'd,
That make an aſs prodigious and refin'd.

A luſ-

A lump deform'd and ſhapeleſs wert thou born,
Begot in Love's deſpight and Nature's ſcorn;
And art grown up the moſt ungrateful wight,
Harſh to the ear, and hideous to the ſight;
Yet Love 's thy buſineſs, Beauty thy delight,
Curſe on that ſilly hour that firſt inſpir'd
Thy madneſs, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy griſly face, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe aukward follies that expreſs
Thy loathſome love, and filthy daintineſs.
Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
Spit at, and ſhunn'd by every girl in town;
Where dreadfully Love's ſcare-crow thou art plac'd
To fright the tender flock that long to taſte:
While every coming maid, when you appear,
Starts back for ſhame, and ſtraight turns chaſte for fear;
For none ſo poor or proſtitute have prov'd,
Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'T were labour loſt, or elſe I would adviſe;
But thy half-wit will ne'er let thee be wiſe.
Half witty, and half mad, and ſcarce half brave,
Half honeſt (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all theſe halves, thou canſt not paſs
For any thing intirely, but an Aſs.

EPILOGUE.

AS charms are nonſenſe, nonſenſe ſeems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does diſarm;
For ſongs and ſcenes a double audience bring,
And doggrel takes, which Smiths in ſatin ſing.
Now to machines and a dull maſk you run;
We find that wit 's the monſter you would ſhun,
And by my troth 'tis moſt diſcreetly done.
For ſince with vice and folly wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis moſt of you are not dead.
Players turn puppets now at your deſire,
In their mouth 's nonſenſe, in their tail 's a wire,
They fly through crowds of clouts and ſhowers of fire.
A kind of loſing Loadum is their game,
Where the worſt writer has the greateſt fame.
To get vile plays like theirs ſhall be our care;
But of ſuch aukward actors we deſpair.
Falſe taught at firſt------
Like bowls ill-biaſs'd, ſtill the more they run,
They 're further off than when they firſt begun.
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There 's one is ſuch a dear familiar ſpark,
He yawns as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free ſpeaking does miſtake;
Falſe accent and neglectful action too:
They have both ſo nigh good, yet neither true,

That

That both together, like an ape's mock-face,
By near reſembling man, do man diſgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half players, like half wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet theſe are they, who durſt expoſe the age
Of the great * wonder of the Engliſh ſtage;
Whom Nature ſeem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him ſpeak, as ſhe bid Shakeſpeare write.
Thoſe blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his ſpeaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they------
Rage like Cethegus, or like Caſſius die,
They ne'er had ſent to Paris for ſuch fancies,
As monſters heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not periſh'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dreſs'd your miſtreſs Wit before;
Theſe draw you on with an old painted whore,
And ſell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids twice o'er.
Yet they may ſcorn our houſe and actors too,
Since they have ſwell'd ſo high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' theſe Covent-Garden men,
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for thoſe thundering blades
Should have an audience of ſubſtantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.

* Major Mohun.

O how the merry citizen's in love
With ------
Pſyche, the goddeſs of each field and grove.
He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd ſtuff!
So to their houſe the graver fops repair,
While men of wit find one another here.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE

COURT AT WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING CHARLES II.

By the Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the beſt, ſevere:
And poets ſhare the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to pleaſe you all.
'Tis hard your ſcorn ſhould againſt ſuch prevail,
Whoſe ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jeſt,
Should we laugh at you when you do your beſt.
Then rail not here, though you ſee reaſon for 't;
If wit can find itſelf no better ſport,
Wit is a very fooliſh thing at court.

Wit's

Wit's buſineſs is to pleaſe, and not to fright;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
You 'll find it none, who dare be ſo to-night.
Few ſo ill-bred will venture to a play,
To ſpy out faults in what we women ſay.
For us, no matter what we ſpeak, but how:
How kindly can we ſay------I hate you now!
And for the men, if you 'll laugh at them, do;
They mind themſelves ſo much, they 'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I deſcend to loſe a prayer
On thoſe ſmall ſaints in wit? the god ſits there!

To the KING.

To you (Great SIR) my meſſage hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
See my credentials written in my face,
They challenge your protection in this place;
And hither come with ſuch a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your proſperous arms.
Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
Like eagles following fatal troops, appear:
All waiting for the ſlaughter which draws nigh,
Of thoſe bold gazers who this night muſt die.
Nor can you 'ſcape our ſoft captivity,
From which old age alone muſt ſet you free.
Then tremble at the fatal conſequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great Prince,
'Gainſt us you ſtill have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wiſe, and take our part;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;

Elſe

Elſe you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vaſſals, and to conquer kings.
But oh to what vain conqueſt I pretend!
While Love is our commander, and your friend.
Our victory your empire more aſſures,
For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

CON-

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POEMS

BY

THOMAS YALDEN, D.D.

POEMS

BY

DR. YALDEN.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

An ODE in Imitation of CASIMIRE.

I.

COULD mournful ſighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills, unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguiſh of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleaſure every ſigh prefer,
And more than gems eſteem each falling tear.

II.

But, ſince inſulting cares are moſt inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
Since ſighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful ſhowers, but nouriſh grief;
Then

Then ceaſe, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor laviſh ſuch bright ſtreams in vain:
But ſtill with chearful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a ſmile.

III.

The generous mind is by its ſufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppreſs'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and ſoar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the ſun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he ſhrinks not at th' offenſive light,
He 's then for empire fit, and takes his ſoaring flight.

IV.

Though cares aſſault thy breaſt on every ſide,
Yet bravely ſtem th' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loſs a nobler day;
But with kind hopes ſupport thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidſt afflictions let thy ſoul be great,
And ſhew thou dar'ſt deſerve a better ſtate.

V.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe thoſe tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waſte,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blaſt.
But keep thy looks and mind ſerene,
All gay without, all calm within;
For Fate is aw'd, and adverſe fortunes fly
A chearful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN

HYMN TO THE MORNING,
IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

I.

PARENT of Day! whoſe beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darkſome womb of night,
And midſt their native horrors ſhow,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou firſt eſſay of light, and pledge of day!
That uſher'ſt in the ſun, and ſtill prepar'ſt its way.

II.

Rival of ſhade, eternal ſpring of light!
Thou art the genuine ſource of it:
From thy bright unexhauſted womb,
The beauteous race of days and ſeaſons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, ſpight of time, thou 'rt ever young:
Thou art alone heaven's modeſt virgin light,
Whoſe face a veil of bluſhes hides from human ſight.

III.

Like ſome fair bride thou riſeſt from thy bed,
And doſt around thy luſtre ſpread;
Around the univerſe diſpenſe
New life to all, and quickening influence.

With gloomy ſmiles thy rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light:
Not all the wealth ſhe views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal luſtre ſhow.

IV.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The ſmiling univerſe is glad;
The drowſy earth and ſeas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more chearful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women ceaſe to fear:
Horror, Deſpair, and all the ſons of Night
Retire before thy beams, and take their haſty flight.

V.

To thee, the grateful Eaſt their altars raiſe;
And ſing with early hymns thy praiſe;
Thou doſt their happy ſoil beſtow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou riſeſt in the fragrant Eaſt,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy neſt:
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richeſt incenſe, the whole land thy ſhrine!

VI.

But yet thy fading glories ſoon decay.
Thine 's but a momentary ſtay;
Too ſoon thou 'rt raviſh'd from our ſight,
Borne down the ſtream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haſte,
They 're fram'd too exquiſite to laſt:

Thine

hine is a glorious, but a ſhort-liv'd ſtate.
ity ſo fair a birth ſhould yield ſo ſoon to Fate!

VII.

efore th' Almighty Artiſt fram'd the ſky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His firſt command was for thy light;
e view'd the lovely birth, and bleſſed it:
In purple ſwaddling-bands it ſtruggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
ld Chaos then a chearful ſmile put on,
nd, from thy beauteous form, did firſt preſage its own.

VIII.

Let there be Light!" the great Creator ſaid,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb diſcloſe;
nd then the bluſhing Morn, its brighteſt offspring, roſe.
A while th' Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himſelf pronounc'd it good:
With Night," ſaid he, "divide th' imperial ſway;
Thou my firſt labour art, and thou ſhalt bleſs the Day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

I.

DARKNESS, thou firſt great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy univerſal womb
oes all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy numerous offspring, come.

II.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou'dſt none;
Whilſt Light did its firſt being owe
Unto that awful ſhade it dares to rival now.

III.

Say, in what diſtant region doſt thou dwell;
To Reaſon inacceſſible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou ſoar'ſt above the reach of man's philoſophy.

IV.

Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb,
Where-e'er our ſouls ſhall go, to thee our bodies come.

V.

The ſilent globe is ſtruck with awful fear,
When thy majeſtic ſhades appear:
Thou doſt compoſe the air and ſea,
And Earth a ſabbath keeps, ſacred to Reſt and Thee.

VI.

In thy ſerener ſhades our ghoſts delight,
And court the umbrage of the Night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they ſtray,
But fly the Morning's beams, and ſicken at the Day.

VII.

Though ſolid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brighteſt ray admit;
No ſubſtance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'ſt in depths below, doſt in the centre dwell.

VIII. The

VIII.

The ſparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous luſtre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of Night,
Bright as their ſire they ſhine, with native rays of light.

IX.

When thou doſt raiſe thy venerable head,
And art in genuine Night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like poliſh'd jet, with their own darkneſs bright.

X.

Thou doſt thy ſmiles impartially beſtow,
And know'ſt no difference here below:
All things appear the ſame by thee,
Though Light diſtinction makes, thou giv'ſt equality.

XI.

Thou, Darkneſs, art the lover's kind retreat,
And doſt the nuptial joys compleat;
Thou doſt inſpire them with thy ſhade,
Giv'ſt vigour to the youth, and warm'ſt the yielding maid.

XII.

Calm as the bleſs'd above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleaſures Light deny, thy ſhades for ever yield.

XIII.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old
Did all their myſteries unfold:
Darkneſs did firſt Religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

XIV.

When the Almighty did on Horeb ſtand,
Thy ſhades inclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of Night he was array'd,
And veneràble Darkneſs his pavilion made.

XV.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majeſty,
In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in thee.

XVI.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkneſs, ſwayd'ſt theſe ſpacious realms alone.

XVII.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy ſcanty lot of Night:
By rebel ſubjects thou 'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of Stars depoſe their Monarch Shade.

XVIII.

Yet fading Light its empire muſt reſign,
And Nature's power ſubmit to thine:
An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the WISDOM of SOLOMON.

To the Lord HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious Heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling Man beſtow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears?
To toil beneath a wretched ſtate,
Oppreſs'd with miſeries and fate;
Beneath his painful burthen groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidſt our labours, we poſſeſs
No kind allays of happineſs:
No ſoftening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilſt Death an eaſy conqueſt gains,
And the inſatiate Grave in endleſs triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curſe and burthen of the womb:
Nor wretched to ourſelves alone,
Our mothers' labours introduce our own.

In cries and tears our infancy we waſte,
Thoſe ſad prophetic tears, that flow
By inſtinct of our future woe;
And ev'n our dawn of life with ſorrows over-caſt.
Thus we toil out a reſtleſs age,
Each his laborious part muſt have,
Down from the monarch to the ſlave,
Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the ſtage.

II.

From our firſt drawing vital breath,
From our firſt ſtarting from the womb,
Until we reach the deſtin'd tomb,
We all are poſting on to the dark goal of death.
Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impreſſion, leaves behind,
'Tis ſcatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boiſterous as them, full as inconſtant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
Here we 're detain'd a while, and then
Become originals again:
Time ſhall a man to his firſt ſelf reſtore,
And make him intire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, ſhall ſurvive!
And yet we impudently ſay, we live:
No! we but ebb into ourſelves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

III.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wiſe!
Unriddle me theſe myſteries:
What is the ſoul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?

What

What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life ſuſtain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itſelf conſume;
A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguiſh that, the whole is gone,
This boaſted ſcene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathſome grave, and an eternal night.
The ſoul, th' immortal part we boaſt,
In one conſuming minute 's loſt;
To its firſt ſource it muſt repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air.
Whilſt the fall'n body, by a ſwift decay,
Reſolves into its native clay:
For duſt and aſhes are its ſecond birth,
And that incorporates too with its great parent Earth.

IV.

Nor ſhall our names our memories ſurvive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blaſts of fame ſhall die,
And even thoſe nothings taſte mortality.
In vain to future ages we tranſmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
In vain we dear-bought honours leave,
To make our aſhes gay, and furniſh out a grave.
Ah, treacherous immortality!
For thee our ſtock of youth we waſte,
And urge on life, that ebbs too faſt:

To purchaſe thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to ſurvive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Laviſh of life, they ſquander this eſtate,
And for a poor reverſion wait:
Bankrupts and miſers to themſelves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
To hoard up endleſs fame, they know not where or how.

V.

Ah, think, my friends, how ſwift the minutes haſte!
The preſent day entirely is our own,
Then ſeize the bleſſing ere 'tis gone:
To-morrow, fatal ſound! ſince this may be our laſt.
Why do we boaſt of years, and ſum up days!
'Tis all imaginary ſpace:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious Fate will give,
Poſterity 'll to-morrow live,
Our ſons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roſes down:
Beds of roſes we 'll prepare,
Roſes that our emblems are;
A while they flouriſh on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they ſmile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day,
Since with Night's blaſting breath they vaniſh ſwift away.

VI.

Bring chearful wine, and coſtly ſweets prepare:
'Tis more than frenzy now to ſpare:

Let

Let cares and buſineſs wait a while;
Old age affords a thinking interval:
Or, if they muſt a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
Then gay and ſprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuſe:
That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
Revive our drooping ſouls, and prop this tottering frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has engroſs'd,
When virtues ſhall forgotten lie,
With all their boaſted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourſelves, be loſt;
Then our recorded vice ſhall flouriſh on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great deſign, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous Nature's plac'd our Steward here,
Then man his grandeur ſhould maintain,
And in exceſs of pleaſure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

WE love and hate, as reſtleſs monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's right:
Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've run,
Ignobly quit the conqueſts they have won;
Thoſe charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with Enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our paſſions only form our happineſs,
Hopes ſtill enlarge, as fears contract it leſs:
Hope with a gaudy proſpect feeds the eye,
Sooths every ſenſe, does with each wiſh comply;
But falſe Enjoyment the kind guide deſtroys,
We loſe the paſſion in the treacherous joys.
Like the gay ſilk-worm, when it pleaſes moſt,
In that ungrateful web it ſpun, 'tis loſt.

Fruition only cloys the appetite;
More does the conqueſt, than the prize delight:
One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our reſtleſs wiſhes cannot be confin'd.
Like boiſterous waves, no ſettled bounds they know,
Fix at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who moſt expects, enjoys the pleaſure moſt,
'Tis rais'd by wiſhes, by fruition loſt:
We 're charm'd with diſtant views of happineſs,
But near approaches make the proſpect leſs.
Wiſhes, like painted landſcapes, beſt delight,
Whilſt diſtance recommends them to the ſight:
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
But ſhow their courſe and nauſeous colours, near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his ſtore
Increaſing ſtill, and would admit of more,
With eager arms his ſwelling bags he preſs'd;
And expectation only made him bleſs'd:
But, when a boundleſs treaſure he enjoy'd,
And every wiſh was with fruition cloy'd:
Then, damn'd to heaps, and ſurfeited with ore,
He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

THE

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. paraphraſed.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

NOW let the fatal banner be diſplay'd!
Upon ſome lofty mountain's top
Go ſet the dreadful ſtandard up!
And all around the hills the bloody ſignals ſpread.
For, lo, the numerous hoſts of heaven appear!
Th' embattled legions of the ſky,
With all their dread artillery,
Draw forth in bright array, and muſter in the air.
Why do the mountains tremble with the noiſe,
And valleys echo back their voice?
The hills tumultuous grow and loud,
The hills that groan beneath the gathering multitude.
Wide as the poles of heaven's extent,
So far 's the dreadful ſummons ſent:
Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,
For ev'n the Lord of Hoſts commands in perſon there.

II.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowſy land,
Awake, and hear his dread command!
Thy black tempeſtuous day comes lowering on,
O fatal light! O inauſpicious hour!
Was ever ſuch a day before!
So ſtain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance known.

Nature

Nature ſhall from her ſteady courſe remove,
The well-fix'd earth be from its baſis rent,
Convulſions ſhake the firmament;
Horror ſeize all below, confuſion reign above.
The ſtars of heaven ſhall ſicken at the ſight,
Nor ſhall the planets yield their light:
But from the wretched object fly,
And, like extinguiſh'd tapers, quit the darken'd ſky.
The riſing ſun, as he was conſcious too,
As he the fatal buſineſs knew,
A deep, a bloody red ſhall ſtain
And at his early dawn ſhall ſet in night again.

III.

To the deſtroying ſword I've ſaid, Go forth,
Go, fully execute my wrath!
Command my hoſts, my willing armies lead;
For this rebellious land and all therein ſhall bleed.
They ſhall not grieve me more, no more tranſgreſs;
I will conſume the ſtubborn race:
Yet brutes and ſavages I juſtly ſpare;
Uſeleſs is all my vengeance there;
Ungrateful man's the greater monſter far.
On guiltleſs beaſts I will the land beſtow,
To them th' inheritance ſhall go;
Thoſe elder brothers now ſhall lord it here below:
And, if ſome poor remains eſcape behind,
Some relicks left of loſt mankind;
Th' aſtoniſh'd herds ſhall in their cities cry,
When they behold a man, Lo, there's a prodigy!

IV. The

IV.

The Medes I call to my aſſiſtance here,
A people that delight in war;
A generous race of men, a nation free
From vicious eaſe and Perſian luxury.
Silver is deſpicable in their eyes,
Contemn'd the uſeleſs metal lies:
Their conquering iron they prefer before
The fineſt gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.
By theſe the land ſhall be ſubdued,
Abroad their bows ſhall overcome,
Their ſwords and flames deſtroy at home;
For neither ſex nor age ſhall be exempt from blood.
The nobles and the princes of thy ſtate
Shall on the victor's triumphs wait:
And thoſe that from the battle fled
Shall be, with chains oppreſs'd, in cruel bondage led.

V.

I'll viſit their diſtreſs with plagues and miſeries,
The throes that womens' labours wait,
Convulſive pangs, and bloody ſweat,
Their beauty ſhall conſume, and vital ſpirits ſeize.
The raviſh'd virgins ſhall be borne away,
And their diſhonour'd wives be led
To the inſulting victor's bed,
To brutal luſts expos'd, to fury left a prey.
Nor ſhall the teeming womb afford
Its forming births a refuge from the ſword;
The ſword, that ſhall their pangs increaſe,
And all the throes of travail curſe with barrenneſs,

The

The infants ſhall expire with their firſt breath,
And only live in pangs of death;
Live but with early cries to curſe the light,
And, at the dawn of life, ſet in eternal night.

VI.

Ev'n Babylon, adorn'd with every grace,
The beauty of the univerſe:
Glory of nations! the Chaldæans' pride,
And joy of all th' admiring world beſide:
Thou, Babylon! before whoſe throne
The empires of the earth fall down;
The proſtrate nations homage pay,
And vaſſal princes of the world obey:
Shalt in the duſt be trampled low:
Abject and low upon the earth be laid,
And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
Thy ſtrong amazing walls, whoſe impious height
The clouds conceal from human ſight;
That proudly now their poliſh'd turrets rear,
Which bright as neighbouring ſtars appear,
Diffuſing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
In flames ſhall downwards to their centre fly,
And deep within the earth, as their foundations, lie.

VII.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride!)
Shall be in heaps of aſhes hid:
In vaſt ſurprizing heaps ſhall lie,
And ev'n their ruins bear the pomp of majeſty.
No bold inhabitant ſhall dare
Thy ras'd foundations to repair:

No

No pitying hand exalt thy abject ſtate;
No! to ſucceeding times thou muſt remain
An horrid exemplary ſcene,
And lie from age to age ruin'd and deſolate.
Thy fall 's decreed (amazing turn of fate!)
Low as Gomorrah's wretched ſtate:
Thou, Babylon, ſhalt be like Sodom curſt,
Deſtroy'd by flames from heaven, and thy more burning luſt.

VIII.

The day 's at hand, when in thy fruitful ſoil
No labourer ſhall reap, no mower toil:
His tent the wandering Arab ſhall not ſpread,
Nor make thy curſed ground his bed;
Though faint with travel, though oppreſt with thirſt,
He to his drooping herds ſhall cry aloud,
Taſte not of that embitter'd flood, [curſt.
Taſte not Euphrates' ſtreams, they 're poiſonous all, and
The ſhepherd to his wandering flocks ſhall ſay,
When o'er thy battlements they ſtray,
When in thy palaces they graze,
Ah, fly, unhappy flocks! fly this infectious place.
Whilſt the ſad traveller, that paſſes on,
Shall aſk, Lo, where is Babylon?
And when he has thy ſmall remainder found,
Shall ſay, I 'll fly from hence, 'tis ſure accurſed ground.

IX.

Then ſhall the ſavages and beaſts of prey
From their deſerted mountains haſte away;
Every obſcene and vulgar beaſt
Shall be to Babylon a gueſt:

Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
Shall dens and caves of ſtate to nobler brutes become.
Thy courts of juſtice, and tribunals too,
(O irony to call them ſo!)
There, where the tyrant and oppreſſor bore
The ſpoils of innocence and blood before;
There ſhall the wolf and ſavage tiger meet,
And griping vulture ſhall appear in ſtate,
There birds of prey ſhall rule, and ravenous beaſts be great.
Thoſe uncorrupted ſhall remain,
Thoſe ſhall alone their genuine uſe retain,
There Violence ſhall thrive, Rapine and Fraud ſhall reign.

X.

Then ſhall the melancholy Satyrs groan,
O'er their lamented Babylon;
And ghoſts that glide with horror by,
To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
With doleful cries ſhall fill the air,
And with amazement ſtrike th' affrighted traveller.
There the obſcener birds of night,
Birds that in gloomy ſhades delight,
Shall ſolitude enjoy, live undiſturb'd by light.
All the ill omens of the air
Shall ſcream their loud preſages there.
But let them all their dire predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,
Heaven ſhall in vain its future vengeance ſhow:
For thou art happily inſenſible,
Beneath the reach of miſeries fell,
Thou need'ſt no deſolation dread, no greater curſes fear.

TO

TO MR. CONGREVE.

AN EPISTOLARY ODE, 1693.

OCCASIONED BY "THE OLD BACHELOR."

I.

FAM'D wits and beauties ſhare this common fate,
To ſtand expos'd to public love and hate,
In every breaſt they different paſſions raiſe,
At once our envy, and our praiſe.
For when, like you, ſome noble youth appears,
For wit and humour fam'd above his years;
Each emulous Muſe, that views the laurel won,
Muſt praiſe the worth ſo much tranſcends their own,
And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
But ſure, like you, no youth could pleaſe,
Nor at his firſt attempt boaſt ſuch ſucceſs:
Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won;
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

II.

Then may'ſt thou rule our ſtage in triumph long!
May'ſt thou its injur'd fame revive,
And matchleſs proofs of wit and humour give,
Reforming with thy ſcenes, and charming with thy ſong!
And though a curſe ill-fated wit purſues,
And waits the fatal dowry of a Muſe;
Yet may thy riſing fortunes be
Secure from all the blaſts of poetry;

As thy own laurels flouriſhing appear,
Unfully'd ſtill with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and fear!
As from its wants, be from its vices free,
From nauſeous ſervile flattery;
Nor to a patron proſtitute thy mind,
Though like Auguſtus great, as fam'd Mæcenas kind.

III.

Though great in fame! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth,
Form him that knows thy virtues, and admires their worth.
Though thou 'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Truſt not th' ungrateful world too far;
Truſt not the ſmiles of the inconſtant town;
Truſt not the plaudits of a theatre
(Which Durfey ſhall with Thee and Dryden ſhare);
Nor to a ſtage's intereſt ſacrifice thy own.
Thy genius, that 's for nobler things deſign'd,
May at looſe hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes raiſe,
Join thriving intereſt to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou doſt to praiſe.
The world, that does like common whores embrace,
Injurious ſtill to thoſe it does careſs:
Injurious as the tainted breath of Fame,
That blaſts a poet's fortunes, while it ſounds his name.

IV.

When firſt a Muſe inflames ſome youthful breaſt,
Like an unpractis'd virgin, ſtill ſhe 's kind:
Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties bleſt,
She charms the ear with fame, with raptures fills the mind.

Then

Then from all cares the happy youth is free,
But thoſe of love and poetry:
Cares, ſtill allay'd with pleaſing charms,
That crown the head with bays, with beauty fill the arms.
But all a woman's frailties ſoon ſhe ſhows,
Too ſoon a ſtale domeſtic creature grows:
Then, wedded to a Muſe that 's nauſeous grown,
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the pleaſure's gone.
For, tempted with imaginary bays,
Fed with immortal hopes and empty praiſe,
He fame purſues, that fair and treacherous bait,
Grows wiſe when he's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

V.

Small are the trophies of his boaſted bays,
The great man's promiſe for his flattering toil,
Fame in reverſion, and the public ſmile,
All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his praiſe.
'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofore,
Neglected Spenſer did his fate deplore:
Long did his injur'd Muſe complain,
Admir'd in midſt of wants, and charming ſtill in vain.
Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
And long oblig'd the age without return.
Deny'd what every wretch obtains of Fate,
An humble roof, and an obſcure retreat,
Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miſerably great.
Thus did the world thy great fore-fathers uſe;
Thus all th' inſpir'd bards before
Did their hereditary ills deplore;
From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Dryden's Muſe.

VI.

Yet, pleas'd with gaudy ruin, youth will on,
As proud by public fame to be undone;
Pleas'd, though he does the worſt of labours chuſe,
To ſerve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful Muſe.
Since Dryden's ſelf, to Wit's great empire born,
Whoſe genius and exalted name
Triumph with all the ſpoils of Wit and Fame,
Muſt, 'midſt the loud applauſe, his barren laurels mourn.
Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world admires,
Whom every Grace adorns, and Muſe inſpires,
Like the great injur'd Taſſo, ſhows
Triumphant in the midſt of woes;
In all his wants, majeſtic ſtill appears,
Charming the age to which he owes his cares,
And cheriſhing that Muſe whoſe fatal curſe he bears.

THE INSECT.

AGAINST BULK.

"Ineſt ſua gratia parvis."

WHERE greatneſs is to Nature's works deny'd,
In worth and beauty it is well ſupply'd:
In a ſmall ſpace the more perfection 's ſhown,
And what is exquiſite in little 's done.
Thus beams, contracted in a narrow glaſs,
To flames convert their larger uſeleſs rays.
'Tis Nature's ſmalleſt products pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt greater births paſs unregarded by;

Her monſters ſeem a violence to ſight;
They 're form'd for terror, inſects to delight.
Thus, when ſhe nicely frames a piece of art,
Fine are her ſtrokes, and ſmall in every part;
No labour can ſhe boaſt more wonderful
Than to inform an atom with a ſoul;
To animate her little beauteous fly,
And cloath it in her gaudieſt drapery.
Thus does the little epigram delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit;
Whilſt tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in leſs volumes we more pleaſure find,
And what diverts, ſtill beſt informs the mind.
'Tis the ſmall inſect looks correct and fair,
And ſeems the product of her niceſt care.
When, weary'd out with the ſtupendous weight
Of forming prodigies and brutes of ſtate;
Then ſhe the inſect frames, her maſter-piece,
Made for diverſion, and deſign'd to pleaſe.
Thus Archimedes, in his cryſtal ſphere,
Seem'd to correct the World's Artificer:
Whilſt the large globe moves round with long delay,
His beauteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
This ſeem'd the nobler labour of the two,
Great was the ſphere above, but fine below.
Thus ſmalleſt things have a peculiar grace,
The great w' admire, but 'tis the little pleaſe;
Then, ſince the leaſt ſo beautifully ſhow,
B' advis'd in time, my Muſe, and learn to know
A Poet's lines ſhould be correct and few.

TO HIS FRIEND

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

In Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea.

In Alluſion to HORACE 2 Od. iv.

I.

'TIS no diſgrace, brave youth, to own
By a Fair Slave you are undone:
Why doſt thou bluſh to hear that name,
And ſtifle thus a generous flame?
Did not the fair Briſeïs heretofore
With powerful charms ſubdue?
What though a captive, ſtill ſhe bore
Thoſe eyes that freedom could reſtore,
And make her haughty lord, the proud Achilles, bow.

II.

Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Tecmeſſa's charms:
And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning fair,
The hero felt her power:
Though great in camps, and fierce in war,
Her ſofter looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her ſlave, though late her conqueror.

III. When

III.

When beauty in diſtreſs appears,
An irreſiſtleſs charm it bears:
In every breaſt does pity move,
Pity, the tendereſt part of love.
Amidſt his triumphs great Atrides ſued,
Unto a weeping maid:
Though Troy was by his arms ſubdued,
And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

IV.

Think not thy charming maid can be
Of a baſe ſtock, and mean degree;
Her ſhape, her air, her every grace,
A more than vulgar birth confeſs:
Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood ſhe 's great,
Sprung from ſome monarch's bed;
Now mourns her family's hard fate,
Her mighty fall and abject ſtate,
And her illuſtrious race conceals with noble pride.

V.

Ah, think not an ignoble houſe
Could ſuch a heroine produce;
Nor think ſuch generous ſprightly blood
Could flow from the corrupted crowd;
But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
And ſoul with virtues crown'd;
Where dazzling intereſt cannot blind,
Nor youth nor gold admittance find,
But ſtill her honour 's fix'd, and virtue keeps its ground.

VI. View

VI.

View well her great majeſtic air,
And modeſt looks divinely fair;
Too bright for fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy nobleſt love.
But yet ſuſpect not thy officious friend,
All jealous thoughts remove;
Though I with youthful heat commend,
For thee I all my wiſhes ſend,
And if ſhe makes thee bleſt, 'tis all I aſk of Love!

TO MR. WATSON,

On his EPHEMERIS of the CELESTIAL MOTIONS preſented to Her MAJESTY.

ART, when in full perfection, is deſign'd
To pleaſe the eye, or to inform the mind:
This nobler piece performs the double part,
With graceful beauty and inſtructive art.
Since the great Archimedes' ſphere was loſt,
The nobleſt labour finiſh'd it could boaſt;
No generous hand durſt that fam'd model trace,
Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only praiſe.
This you, with greater luſtre, have reſtor'd,
And taught thoſe arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full perfection here you 've ſhown,
And what mankind deſpair'd to reach, have done.
In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;

And

And ſtars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auſpicious beams:
In graceful order the juſt planets riſe,
And here complete their circles in the ſkies;
Here 's the full concert of revolving ſpheres,
And heaven in bright epitome appears.
With charms the ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her orb compell'd her ſtruggling down;
But here 's ſhe's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright ſphere below:
While your celeſtial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true;
Inſpir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And viſit regions of the bleſt above.
Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in ſmall,
A copy fair as its original:
This labour 's to the whole creation juſt,
Second to none, and rival to the firſt.
The artful ſpring, like the diffuſive ſoul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's ſelf, it fills the ſpacious throne,
And unconfin'd ſways the fair orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful ſilence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its ſound, and into meaſures fall.

THE

THE RAPE OF THEUTILLA.

Imitated from the Latin of FAMIANUS STRADA.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addreſſes of thoſe many admirers her beauty drew about her, aſſumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herſelf from the eye and converſe of the world: but the common report of her beauty had ſo inflamed Amalis (a young perſon of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his ſervants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votareſs; which having ſucceſsfully performed, they bring Theutilla to their expecting lord's apartment, the ſcene of the enſuing Poem.

SOON as the tyrant her bright form ſurvey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful ſorrow in her looks ſhe bears,
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mein and air reſiſtleſs charms impart,
Forcing an eaſy paſſage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breaſt it came,
Like that, a fair, but a deſtructive flame.

Yet

Yet ſhe, though in her young and blooming ſtate,
Poſſeſt a ſoul, beyond a virgin's, great;
No charms of youth her colder boſom move,
Chaſte were her thoughts, and moſt averſe to love:
And as ſome timorous hind in toils betray'd,
Thus in his arms ſtrove the reſiſting maid;
Thus did ſhe combat with his ſtrict embrace,
And ſpurn'd the guilty cauſe of her diſgrace.
Revenge ſhe courted, but deſpair'd to find
A ſtrength and vigour equal to her mind;
While checks of ſhame her willing hands reſtrain,
Since all a virgin's force is her diſdain:
Yet her reſolves are nobly fix'd to die
Rather than violate her chaſtity,
Than break her vows to heaven, than blot her fame,
Or ſoil her beauties with a luſtful flame.
The night from its meridian did decline,
An hour propitious to the black deſign:
When ſleep and reſt their peaceful laws maintain,
And o'er the globe b' infectious ſilence reign;
While death-like ſlumbers every boſom ſeize,
Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies eaſe:
Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breaſt
Heavy with wine, with amorous cares oppreſt;
Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
Can from his breaſt the drowſy charm repel;
In vain from wine his paſſion ſeeks redreſs,
Whoſe treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays:
Weak and unnerv'd his uſeleſs limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-ſupported frame;

Vanquiſh'd by that repoſe from which he flies,
Now ſlumbers cloſe his unconſenting eyes.
But ſad Theutilla's cares admit no reſt,
Repoſe is baniſh'd from her mournful breaſt;
A faithful guard does injur'd virtue keep,
And from her weary limbs repulſes ſleep.
Oft ſhe reflects with horror on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her eſcape;
Though ſtill repulſe upon repulſe ſhe bears,
And finds no paſſage but for ſighs and tears:
Then, with the wildneſs of her ſoul let looſe,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuſe;
She weeps, ſhe raves, ſhe rends her flowing hair,
Wild in her grief, and raging with deſpair;
At length her reſtleſs thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the anguiſh of her labouring mind:
Whilſt all diſſolv'd in calmer tears ſhe ſaid,
" Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
" Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
" And for ſome blacker ſcene of luſt prepare!
" Firſt may his bed my guiltleſs grave become,
" His marble roof my unpolluted tomb;
" Then, juſt to honour, and unſtain'd in fame,
" The urn that hides my duſt conceals my ſhame.
" Heaven gave me virtue, woman's frail defence,
" And beauty to moleſt that innocence:
" In vain I call my virtue to my aid,
" When thus by treacherous beauty I'm betray'd.
" Yet to this hour my breaſt no crime has known,
" But, coldly chaſte, with virgin brightneſs ſhone,
" As now unſully'd by a winter's ſun.

" Not

' Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
' My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.
Oft have theſe violated locks been torn,
And injur'd face their ſavage fury borne;
Oft have my bloody robes their crimes confeſt,
And pointed daggers glitter'd at my breaſt;
Yet, free from guilt, I found ſome happier charm
To vanquiſh luſt, and wildeſt rage diſarm.
But ah! the greateſt labour 's yet behind;
No tears can ſoften this obdurate mind:
No prayers inexorable pity move,
Or guard me from the worſt of ruins, Love:
Though ſleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
Yet to the youth they 'll ſtrength and fury give;
Then, wretched maid! then think what artifice,
What charm, ſhall reſcue from his nerv'd embrace!
When with ſupplies of vigour next he ſtorms,
And every dictate of his luſt performs.
" But you, bleſt Power, that own a virgin's name,
Protect my virtue, and defend my fame,
From powerful luſt, and the reproach of ſhame;
If I a ſtrict religious life have led,
Drunk the cold ſtream, and made the earth my bed!
If from the world a chaſte recluſe I live,
Redreſs my wrongs, and generous ſuccour give;
Allay this raging tempeſt of my mind,
A virgin ſhould be to a virgin kind:
Proſtrate with tears from you I beg defence,
Or take my life, or guard my innocence."
While thus th' afflicted beauty pray'd, ſhe ſpy'd
fatal dagger by Amalis' ſide:

" This weapon's mine !" ſhe cries. (then graſp'd it fa
" And now the luſtful tyrant ſleeps his laſt."
With eager hand the pointed ſteel ſhe draws,
Ev'n murder pleaſes in ſo juſt a cauſe;
Nor fears, nor dangers, now reſiſtance make,
Since honour, life, and dearer fame, 's at ſtake.
Yet in her breaſt does kind compaſſion plead,
And fills her ſoul with horror of the deed;
Her ſex's tenderneſs reſumes its place,
And ſpreads in conſcious bluſhes o'er her face.
Now, ſtung with the remorſe of guilt, ſhe cries,
" Ah, frantic girl, what wild attempt is this !
" Think, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's doom
" And tremble at a puniſhment to come :
" Stain not thy virgin hands with guilty blood,
" And dread to be ſo criminally good.
" Lay both thy courage and thy weapon down,
" Nor fly to aids a maid muſt bluſh to own;
" Nor arms, nor valour, with thy ſex agree,
" They wound thy fame, and taint thy modeſty."
Thus different paſſions combat in her mind,
Oft ſhe 's to pity, oft to rage inclin'd :
Now from her hand the hated weapon 's caſt,
Then ſeiz'd again with more impetuous haſte :
Unfix'd her wiſhes, her reſolves are vain,
What ſhe attempts, ſhe ſtraight rejects again;
Her looks, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
Vary'd with rage, with pity, and deſpair:
Alone her fears incline to no extreme,
Equally poiz'd betwixt revenge and ſhame.

At length, with more prevailing rage poſſeſt,
Her jealous honour ſteels her daring breaſt:
The thoughts of injur'd fame new courage gave,
And nicer virtue now confirms her brave.
Then the fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
Urges her hand, and ſooths the fatal choice:
This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
With wild diſorder to the youth ſhe flies;
One hand ſhe wreaths within his flowing hair,
The other does the ready weapon bear:
"Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look down,
"And pity labours thou haſt undergone.
"Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
"And be propitious to a virgin's name,
"Whoſe glory 's but a refuge from her ſhame!"
Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
She with undaunted looks directs the blow:
Deep in his breaſt the ſpacious wound ſhe made,
And to his heart diſpatch'd th' unerring blade.
When their expiring lord the ſervants heard,
Whoſe dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
Like a fierce torrent, with no bounds they 're ſtay'd,
But vent their rage on the defenceleſs maid:
Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in diſtreſs,
Can move their ſavage breaſts to tenderneſs:
But death with horrid torments they prepare,
And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
Tortures and death ſeem lovely in her eyes,
Since ſhe to honour falls a ſacrifice:
Amidſt her ſufferings, ſtill her mind is great,
And, free from guilt, ſhe triumphs o'er her fate.

But heaven, that 's ſuffering virtue's ſure reward,
Exerts its power, and is itſelf her guard:
Amalis, conſcious of his black offence,
Now feels remorſe for her wrong'd innocence;
Though now he 's ſtruggling in the pangs of death,
And all life's purple ſtream is ebbing forth:
Yet, raiſing up his pale and drooping head,
He recollects his ſpirits as they fled,
And, with his laſt remains of voice, he ſaid,
"Spare the chaſte maid, your impious hands reſtrain,
"Nor beauty with ſuch inſolence prophane:
"Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to ſpare,
"Since injur'd virtue 's heaven's peculiar care."
But you, brave virgin, now ſhall ſtand enrol'd
Amongſt the nobleſt heroines of old:
Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
Shall laſting trophies of thy glory ſtand;
And, if my verſe the juſt reward can give,
Theutilla's name ſhall to new ages live.
For to thy ſex thou haſt new honours won,
And France now boaſts a Judith of its own.

AN ODE

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

I.

BEGIN, and ſtrike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud inſtruments prepare
To raiſe our ſouls, and charm the ear,
With joys which muſic only can inſpire.

Rich

Hark how the willing ſtrings obey!
To conſecrate this happy day,
Sacred to Muſic, Love, and bleſt Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We 'll celebrate the virgin's praiſe:
Her ſkilful hand firſt taught our ſtrings to move,
To her this ſacred art we owe,
Who firſt anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that ſhe now ſings above.

II.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleaſing raptures bear,
And, with diffuſive joys, run thrilling through our veins.
The liſtening ſoul does ſympathize,
And with each vary'd note complies:
While gay and ſprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleaſing ecſtaſies, its flight.
With mournful ſounds, a ſadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a looſe to tears.

III.

Muſic 's the language of the bleſt above,
No voice but Muſic's can expreſs
The joys that happy ſouls poſſeſs,
Nor in juſt raptures tell the wondrous power of Love.
'Tis Nature's dialect, deſign'd
To charm, and to inſtruct the mind.
Muſic 's an univerſal good!

That does diſpenſe its joys around,
In all the elegance of ſound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels underſtood.

IV.

Let every reſtleſs paſſion ceaſe to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For Muſic 's unity and love.
Muſic 's the ſoft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The ſureſt refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breaſt, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet ſtruck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd:
His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compoſe his mind.

V.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A ſolemn jubilee:
For ever ſacred let it be,
To ſkilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who firſt the hidden charms of muſic found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The ſecret ſprings of ſound.
When from his hollow chorded ſhell
The ſoft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious ſtrings his ſkilful hand obey'd.

VI. But

VI.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ ſhe her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praiſe;
Then choirs of liſtening angels ſtood around,
Admir'd her art, and bleſt the heavenly ſound.
Her praiſe alone no tongue can reach,
But in the ſtrains herſelf did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For muſic 's her reward and care,
Above ſh' enjoys it, and protects it here,

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay:
To her theſe lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our ſtrings, and ſtill inſpires our ſong.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

To a Lady aſking if her Sex was as ſenſible of that Paſſion as Man.

An Alluſion to

"O! quam cruentus Fœminas ſtimulat Dolor!"
SENECA, Hercules Octæus.

WHAT raging thoughts tranſport the woman's breaſt,
That is with love and jealouſy poſſeſt!
More with revenge, than ſoft deſires ſhe burns,
Whoſe ſlighted paſſion meets no kind returns;

That courts the youth with long-neglected charms,
And finds her rival happy in his arms!
Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis ſafer to engage,
And truſt a ſtorm, than her deſtructive rage:
Not waves, contending with a boiſterous wind,
Threaten ſo loud, as her tempeſtuous mind:
For ſeas grow calm, and raging ſtorms abate,
But moſt implacable 's a woman's hate:
Tigers and ſavages leſs wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to deſpair.
Such were the tranſports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and huſband's guilt:
With ſuch deſpair ſhe view'd the captive maid,
Whoſe fatal love her Hercules betray'd;
Th' unchaſte Iöle, but divinely fair!
In love triumphant, though a ſlave in war;
By nature lewd, and form'd for ſoft delight,
Gay as the ſpring, and fair as beams of light;
Whoſe blooming youth would wildeſt rage diſarm,
And every eye, but a fierce rival's, charm.
Fix'd with her grief the royal matron ſtood,
When the fair captive in his arms ſhe view'd:
With what regret her beauties ſhe ſurvey'd,
And curſt the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed!
Her furious looks with wild diſorder glow,
Looks that her envy and reſentment ſhow!
To blaſt that fair deteſted form ſhe tries,
And lightning darts from her diſtorted eyes.
Then o'er the palace of falſe Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous rage ſhe flies;

Late

Late a dear witneſs of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her ſhame;
Whoſe conſcious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.
Nor can the ſpacious court contain her now;
It grows a ſcene too narrow for her woe.
Looſe and undreſt all day ſhe ſtrays alone,
Does her abode and lov'd companions ſhun.
In woods complains, and ſighs in every grove,
The mournful tale of her forſaken love.
Her thoughts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot eaſe her miſery:
Whilſt in her looks the lively forms appear,
Of envy, fondneſs, fury, and deſpair.
Her rage no conſtant face of ſorrow wears,
Oft ſcornful ſmiles ſucceed loud ſighs and tears,
Oft o'er her face the riſing bluſhes ſpread,
Her glowing eye-balls turn with fury red:
Then pale and wan her alter'd looks appear,
Paler than guilt, and drooping with deſpair.
A tide of paſſions ebb and flow within,
And oft ſhe ſhifts the melancholy ſcene:
Does all th' exceſs of woman's fury ſhow,
And yields a large variety of woe.
Now calm as infants at the mother's breaſt,
Her grief in ſofteſt murmurs is expreſt:
She ſpeaks the tendereſt things that pity move,
Kind are her looks, and languiſhing with love.
Then loud as ſtorms, and raging as the wind,
She gives a looſe to her diſtemper'd mind:

With ſhrieks and groans ſhe fills the air around,
And makes the palace her loud griefs reſound.
Wild with her wrongs, ſhe like a fury ſtrays,
A fury, more than wife of Hercules:
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes:
While ſighs, and broken words, her wilder thoughts diſcloſe.

TO HIS PERJURED MISTRESS.

"Nox erat, & cœlo fulgebat luna ſereno," &c.

IT was one evening, when the riſing moon
Amidſt her train of ſtars diſtinctly ſhone;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And heaven appear'd in all its luſtre bright;
When you, Neæra, you, my perjur'd fair,
Did, to abuſe the gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you ſwore---remember, faithleſs maid,
With what endearing arts you then betray'd:
Remember all the tender things that paſt,
When round my neck your willing arms were caſt.
The circling ivys, when the oaks they join,
Seem looſe, and coy, to thoſe fond arms of thine.
Believe, you cry'd, this ſolemn vow believe,
The nobleſt pledge that Love and I can give;
Or, if there's ought more ſacred here below,
Let that confirm my oath to heaven and you.
If e'er my breaſt a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys but what thy preſence gives;

May

May every [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
And Love [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
While [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
While [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
So long, [illegible] [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Ah, [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
Are thus my [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?
Repeated [illegible] I have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Still [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Why do I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Love [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?
Thy [illegible], [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
My [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]:
Each [illegible], each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my [illegible] [illegible] dares yet be brave,
Unless I 'm fond of [illegible], [illegible] a slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I 'll loath each prostituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace;
But shew, with manly rage, my soul 's above
The cold returns of thy exhausted love.
Then thou shalt justly mourn at my disdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain:
Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler flames, pursue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjust, as you;
Whose wit and beauty shall like thine excel,
But far surpass in truth, and loving well.

But

But wretched thou, whoe'er my rival art,
That fondly boaſts an empire o'er her heart;
Thou that enjoy'ſt the fair inconſtant prize,
And vainly triumph'ſt with my victories;
Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
Enjoy thy ruin, and Neæra's love:
Though wealth and honours grace thy nobler birth,
To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith;
Though every grace and every virtue join,
T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine:
Yet bleſt, with endleſs charms, too ſoon you 'll prove
The treacheries of falſe Neæra's love.
Loſt and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
Like me you 'll love, be injur'd, and deſpair.
When left th' unhappy object of her ſcorn,
Then ſhall I ſmile to ſee the victor mourn,
Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ," &c.

THE man that 's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
That the remorſe of ſecret crimes ne'er felt:
Whoſe breaſt was ne'er debauch'd with ſin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
In his integrity ſecure,
He fears no danger, dreads no power:
Uſeleſs are arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

II. Secure

II.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
The care of every power above;
Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous Libya's ſands, and faithleſs ſhore:
Though o'er th' inhoſpitable brows
Of ſavage Caucaſus he goes;
Through Africk's flames, through Scythia's ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes, fam'd for monſters, flows.

III.

For as, within an unfrequented grove,
I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
With pleaſing amorous thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my bounds inſenſibly I ſtray'd;
A wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceleſs prey?
When I invok'd Maria's aid,
Although unarm'd, the trembling monſter fled.

IV.

Not Daunia's teeming ſands, nor barbarous ſhore,
E'er ſuch a dreadful native bore,
Nor Africk's nurſing caves brought forth
So fierce a beaſt, of ſuch amazing growth:
Yet vain did all his fury prove
Againſt a breaſt that 's arm'd with love;
Though abſent, fair Maria's name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the ſavage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place
Where chearful light withdraws its rays;

No

No beams on barren nature ſmile,
Nor fruitful winds refreſh th' intemperate ſoil;
But tempeſts, with eternal froſts,
Still rage around the gloomy coaſt:
Whilſt angry Jove infeſts the air,
And, black with clouds, deforms the ſullen year.

VI.

Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
To live a borderer on the ſun:
Send me to ſcorching ſands, whoſe heat
Guards the deſtructive ſoil from human feet:
Yet there I 'll ſing Maria's name,
And ſport, uninjur'd, midſt the flame:
Maria's name! that will create, ev'n there,
A milder climate, and more temperate air.

PATROCLUS's Requeſt to ACHILLES for his Arms.

Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth ILIAD of HOMER.

DIVINE Achilles, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus to Patroclus ſpake, his beſt-belov'd.
Why like a tender girl doſt thou complain!
That ſtrives to reach the mother's breaſt in vain;
Mourns by her ſide, her knees embraces faſt,
Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haſte;
Yet, when with fondneſs to her arms ſhe 's rais'd,
Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd!
Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
Thus like a froward girl profuſe of tears.

From

From Phthia doſt thou mournful tidings hear,
And to thy friend ſome fatal meſſage bear?
Thy valiant father (if we fame believe)
The good Menætius, he is yet alive:
And Peleus, though in his declining days,
Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace;
Yet, as their lateſt obſequies we paid,
Thou mourn'ſt them living, as already dead.
Or thus with tears the Grecian hoſt deplore,
That with their navy periſh on the ſhore;
And with compaſſion their misfortunes view,
The juſt reward to guilt and falſehood due?
Impartial heaven avenges thus my wrong,
Nor ſuffers crimes to go unpuniſh'd long.
Reveal the cauſe ſo much afflicts thy mind,
Nor thus conceal thy ſorrows from thy friend.
When, gently raiſing up his drooping head,
Thus, with a ſigh, the ſad Patroclus ſaid.
Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant ſon!
Of all our chiefs, the greateſt in renown;
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
Nor triumph now the Greeks ſuſtain ſuch loſs!
To pity let thy generous breaſt incline,
And ſhow thy mind is like thy birth divine.
For all the valiant leaders of their hoſt,
Or wounded lie, or are in battle loſt.
Ulyſſes great in arms, and Diomede,
Languiſh with wounds, and in the navy bleed:
This common fate great Agamemnon ſhares,
And ſtern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars.

While

Whilſt powerful drugs th' experienc'd artiſts try,
And to their wounds apt remedies apply:
Eaſing th' afflicted heroes with their ſkill,
Thy breaſt alone remains implacable!
What, will thy fury thus for ever laſt!
Let preſent woes atone for injuries paſt:
How can thy ſoul retain ſuch laſting hate!
Thy virtues are as uſeleſs as they 're great.
What injur'd friend from thee ſhall hope redreſs,
That will not aid the Greeks in ſuch diſtreſs?
Uſeleſs is all the valour that you boaſt,
Deform'd with rage, with ſullen fury loſt.
Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb!
Thee raging ſeas, thee boiſterous waves brought forth
And to obdurate rocks thou ow'ſt thy birth!
Thy ſtubborn nature ſtill retains their kind,
So hard thy heart, ſo ſavage is thy mind.
But, if thy boding breaſt admits of fear,
Or dreads what ſacred oracles declare!
What awful Thetis in the courts above
Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove!
If ſo----let me the threatening dangers face,
And head the warlike ſquadrons in thy place:
Whilſt me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
Let me in thy diſtinguiſh'd arms appear,
With all thy dreadful equipage of war;
That when the Trojans our approaches view,
Deceiv'd, they ſhall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thu

Thus, from the rage of an inſulting hoſt,
We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have loſt;
Vigorous and freſh, th' unequal fight renew,
And from our navy force the drooping foe;
O'er haraſs'd men an eaſy conqueſt gain,
And drive the Trojans to their walls again.

On the re-printing MILTON's Proſe Works, with his POEMS written in his PARADISE LOST.

THESE ſacred lines with wonder we peruſe,
And praiſe the flights of a ſeraphic Muſe,
Till thy ſeditious proſe provokes our rage,
And ſoils the beauties of thy brighteſt page.
Thus here we ſee tranſporting ſcenes ariſe,
Heaven's radiant hoſt, and opening paradiſe;
Then trembling view the dread abyſs beneath,
Hell's horrid manſions, and the realms of death.
Whilſt here thy bold majeſtic numbers riſe,
And range th' embattled legions of the ſkies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,
We own the poet worthy to rehearſe
Heaven's laſting triumphs in immortal verſe:
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Inſults the beſt of princes, beſt of men,
Our admiration turns to juſt diſdain,
And we revoke the fond applauſe again.

Like the fall'n angels in their happy ſtate,
Thou ſhar'dſt their nature, inſolence, and fate:
To harps divine, immortal hymns they ſung,
As ſweet thy voice, as ſweet thy lyre was ſtrung.
As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
So thou prophan'ſt his image here below.
Apoſtate bard! may not thy guilty ghoſt,
Diſcover to its own eternal coſt,
That as they heaven, thou paradiſe haſt loſt!

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARBERY PRICE.

WHAT ſpacious veins enrich the Britiſh ſoil;
The various ores, and ſkilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
My uſeful verſe, the firſt, tranſmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.
O generous Mackworth! could the Muſe impart
A labour worthy thy auſpicious art;
Like thee ſucceed in paths untrod before,
And ſecret treaſures of the land explore.
Apollo's ſelf ſhould on the labour ſmile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful iſle.
Where fair Sabrina flows around the coaſt,
And aged Dovey in the ocean's loſt,

Her

Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears:
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature ſhow,
To guard the treaſures ſhe conceals below.
For Earth, diſtorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room:
Hence vaſt excreſcences of hills ariſe,
And mountains ſwell to a portentous ſize.
Louring and black the rugged coaſt appears,
The ſullen earth a gloomy ſurface wears;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, ſhines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring Nature her defects ſupplies,
Indulgent oft to what her ſons deſpiſe:
Oft in a rude, unfiniſh'd form, we find
The nobleſt treaſure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land! from whoſe indulgent womb,
Such unexhauſted ſtores of riches come!
By heaven belov'd! form'd by auſpicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden ſands no more ſhall Tagus boaſt,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire's loſt;
Whoſe waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current ſhows,
Diſperſing bleſſings whereſoe'er it flows;
Whoſe native treaſure 's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averſe to luxury and ſlothful eaſe;

Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds reſolv'd they laſting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wiſely does Nature ſuch an offſpring chuſe,
Brave to defend her wealth, and ſlow to uſe.
Where thirſt of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But, low in mines, they conſtant toils renew,
And through the earth their branching veins purſue.
As when ſome navy on th' Iberian coaſt,
Chac'd by the winds, is in the ocean loſt;
To Neptune's realms a new ſupply it brings,
The ſtrength deſign'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make repriſals on the graſping main:
Wild in purſuit they are endanger'd more,
Then when they combated the ſtorms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the ſea;
Drawing, in peſtilential ſteams, his breath,
Reſolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed ſteel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal ſhades:
He cuts through mountains, ſubterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous ſtroke he takes
Looſens the earth, and the whole cavern ſhakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops ſtands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;

The ponderous hammer with a force deſcends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And as he ſtrikes, with each reſiſtleſs blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.
Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, moſt adorn
The miner's art, and make the beſt return:
Thy ſpeedy ſails, and uſeful engines, ſhow
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thouſands of ſlaves unſkill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labour ſtill exhauſt the gains:
The winds, thy ſlaves, their uſeful ſuccour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
Inſtructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquiſh realms, where once they lay confin'd.
Downward, my Muſe, direct thy ſteepy flight,
Where ſmiling ſhades and beauteous realms invite;
I firſt of Britiſh bards invoke thee down,
And firſt with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Through dark retreats purſue the winding ore,
Search Nature's depths, and view her boundleſs ſtore;
The ſecret cauſe in tuneful meaſures ſing,
How metals firſt are fram'd, and whence they ſpring.
Whether the active ſun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth tranſmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring ſhines with its paternal light:
On Britain's iſle propitiouſly he ſhines,
With joy deſcends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by ſubterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid ſtreams;

Purg'd from their droſs, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with freſh beauties ſhine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to ſolid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preſerve their beauty, and return the ſame;
Both art and force the well-wrought maſs diſdains,
And 'midſt the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation firſt they ſprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the baſis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation 's laid:
All ſecond cauſes they diſdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat ſprung alone.
Nature in ſpecious beds preſerves her ſtore,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The ſpreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery ſtore, a ſpring ſupplies
The leſſer ſtreams that round its fountain riſe;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents ſtray.
Methinks I ſee the rounded metal ſpread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:
About the globe th' admired coin ſhall run,
And make the circle of its parent ſun.
How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, bleſt!
Enrich'd with more than all the diſtant weſt!
Thy ſons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithleſs main,

Traff

Traffic no more abroad for foreign ſpoil,
Supplied with richer from their native ſoil.
To Dovey's flood ſhall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the Britiſh bullion home,
To pay their tributes to its bounteous ſhore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her abſent fleet Potoſi's race ſhall mourn,
And wiſh in vain to ſee our ſails return;
Like miſers heaping up their uſeleſs ſtore,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidſt their riches poor.
Where-e'er the Britiſh banners are diſplay'd,
The ſuppliant nations ſhall implore our aid:
Till, thus compell'd, the greater worlds confeſs
Themſelves oblig'd, and ſuccour'd by the leſs.
How Cambria's mines were to her offſpring known,
Thus ſacred verſe tranſmits the ſtory down:
Merlin, a bard of the inſpired train,
With myſtic numbers charm'd the Britiſh plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine,
His ſong was ſacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he ſtood,
His wondrous verſe reſtrain'd the liſtening flood;
The ſtream's bright Goddeſs rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful ſhepherd led.
Her ſwift-deſcending ſteps the youth purſues,
And rich in ore the ſpacious mountain views.
In beds diſtinct the well rang'd metals lay,
Diſperſing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The ſilver, ſhedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking ſight;

Like riſing flames the ruddy copper ſhow'd,
And ſpread its bluſhes o'er the dark abode:
Profuſe of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid ſilver flow'd in reſtleſs ſtreams:
Nor India's ſparkling gems are half ſo bright,
Nor waves above, that ſhine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddeſs ſpake: Harmonious Youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with ſacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd theſe treaſures lie in Nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero ſhall aſcend the Britiſh throne,
Whoſe numerous triumphs ſhall Auguſta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his ſway a generous youth ſhall riſe,
With virtues bleſt, in happy councils wiſe;
Rich with the ſpoils of Learning's various ſtore,
Commanding arts, yet ſtill acquiring more.
He, with ſucceſs, ſhall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;
The ſmiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.
O youth, reſerv'd by more auſpicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the ſtate!
By wars impoveriſh'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds ſupplies;

Tho

Thou ſhalt a nation's preſſing wants relieve,
Not war can laviſh more than thou canſt give.
This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The Muſe's darling, and the boaſt of fame;
No greater virtues on record ſhall ſtand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

BOOK THE SECOND*.

NOW Io Pæan ſing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my ſucceſsful toils,
My artful nets incloſe the lovely ſpoils:
My numbers now, ye ſmiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathleſs in renown:
With laſting fame my verſe ſhall be inroll'd,
And I peferr'd to all the Bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their raviſh'd bride; to Ida's diſtant ſhore
Victorius Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquiſh'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth! your bark 's but under ſail;
The diſtant port requires a proſperous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty 's found,
And with my aid your artful paſſion crown'd;

* The FIRST Book of Ovid's "Art of Love," is printed in this Collection, among the poems of Mr. DRYDEN; the THIRD, among thoſe of Mr. CONGREVE. Mr. POPE's hand-writing enables us to aſcribe the SECOND to Dr. YALDEN. N.

The

The conqueſts our ſucceſsful conduct gain'd,
With art muſt be ſecur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatening danger lies.
If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid; thou charming Queen of Love!
Kind Erato, let thy auſpicious name
Inſpire the work, and raiſe my generous flame.
The labour 's great! a method I deſign
For Love; and will the fetter'd god confine:
The god that roves the ſpacious world around,
In every clime, and diſtant region found;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard:
His gueſt from flight Minos inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring paſſage found.
Thus Dædalus her offspring firſt confin'd:
Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confeſs'd;
Big with a human bull, half man, half beaſt.
Said he, juſt Minos, beſt of human-kind,
Thy mercy let a proſtrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native ſhores to fly,
Permit me, where I durſt not live, to die.
Enlarge my ſon, if you neglect my tears,
And ſhow compaſſion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the ſon, or let his ſire return!
Thus he implor'd, but ſtill implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he ſought, obtain.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd at length: Now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
Here 's ſubject for thy art that 's yet untry'd,
Minos the earth commands, and guards the ſea,
No paſs the land affords, the deep no way:
Heaven 's only free, we'll heaven's auſpicious height
Attempt to paſs, where kinder fates invite!
Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight;
Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Inſtruct our wit, and aid the labouring mind:
For who can credit men, in wild deſpair,
Should force a paſſage through the yielding air!
Feathers for wings deſign'd the artiſt choſe,
And bound with thread his forming pinions cloſe:
With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finiſh'd wings his ſmiling offspring views,
Admires the work, not conſcious of their uſe:
To whom the father ſaid, Obſerve aright,
Obſerve, my ſon, theſe inſtruments of flight.
In vain the tyrant our eſcape retards,
The heavens he cannot, all but heaven he guards;
Though earth and ſeas elude thy father's care,
Theſe wings ſhall waft us through the ſpacious air.
Nor ſhall my ſon celeſtial ſigns ſurvey,
Far from the radiant Virgin take your way:
Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
And with his fauchion dread Orion ſtands;
I'll go before, me ſtill retain in ſight,
Where-e'er I lead, ſecurely make your flight.

For

For ſhould we upward ſoar too near the ſun,
Diſſolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run:
Or near the ſeas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will ſuffer by the ſteaming main.
A medium keep, the winds obſerve aright:
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds inſtruct their tender young:
The ſpreading wings then to his ſhoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilſt tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Eſſay'd their wings, and forth they lanch'd in air:
Now his expanded plumes the artiſt plies,
Regards his ſon, and leads along the ſkies;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upward ſprings with joy.
The angler views them from the diſtant ſtrand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they paſs, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's preſence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos' ſhores they found,
For fruitful lakes and ſhady groves renown'd.
When the aſpiring boy forgot his fears,
Raſh with hot youth and unexperienc'd years:
Upwards he ſoar'd, maintain'd a lofty ſtroke,
And his directing father's way forſook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings ſuſtain that blaze of ſun.

From heaven he views the fatal depths below,
Whilſt killing fears prevent the diſtant blow.
His ſtruggling arms now no aſſiſtance find,
Nor poiſe the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and ſinking limbs ſuſtain;
His name invokes, till the expiring ſound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And ſeeks the abſent youth on every ſhore;
Where's my lov'd ſon, my Icarus! he cries;
Say in what diſtant region of the ſkies,
Or faithleſs clime, the youthful wanderer flies!
Then view'd his pinions ſcatter'd o'er the ſtream,
The ſhore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying gueſts, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd god ſhall to our rules ſubmit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
Theſſalian arts in vain raſh lovers uſe,
In vain with drugs the ſcornful maid abuſe:
The ſkilful'ſt potions ineffectual prove,
Uſeleſs are magic remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jaſon's heart.
Nor tempt with philters the diſdainful dame;
They rage inſpire, create a frantic flame:
Abſtain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your paſſion worthy of her love.

Diſtruſt your empty form and boaſted face;
The nymph engage a thouſand nobler ways:
To fix her vanquiſh'd heart intirely thine,
Accompliſh'd graces to your native join.
Beauty 's but frail, a charm that ſoon decays,
Its luſtre fades as rolling years increaſe,
And age ſtill triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but ſhort-liv'd lily ſhows,
And prickles that ſurvive the faded roſe.
Learn, lovely boy, be with inſtruction wiſe!
Beauty and youth miſ-ſpent are paſt advice.
Then cultivate thy mind with Wit and Fame,
Thoſe laſting charms ſurvive the funeral flame.
With arts and ſciences your breaſt improve,
Of high import are languages in love:
The fam'd Ulyſſes was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue:
And yet for him contending beauties ſtrove,
And every ſea-nymph ſought the hero's love,
Calypſo mourn'd when he forſook her ſhores,
And with fond waves detain'd his haſty oars.
Oft ſhe inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate;
Which with ſuch grace his florid tongue could frame,
The ſtory ſtill was new, tho' ſtill the ſame.
Now ſtanding on the ſhores, again declare,
Calypſo cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a ſlender wand he bore,
Delineates every action on the ſhore.

Here's

Here's Troy, ſays he, then draws the walls in ſi
There Simois flows, here my battalions ſtand.
A field there was, (and then deſcribes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Juſt thus entrench'd imagine Rheſus lies,
And here we make his warlike ſteeds our prize.
Much he deſcrib'd, when a deſtructive wave
Waſh'd off the ſlender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rheſus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue ſhe heard,
The well-rais'd paſſion in her looks appear'd:
The goddeſs weeps to view his ſpreading ſails,
So much a ſoldier with the ſex prevails.
Diſtruſt thy form, fond youth, and learn to know
There 's more requir'd in love than empty ſhow.
With juſt diſdain ſhe treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaiſance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that every flock alarms:
But the mild ſwallow none with toils infeſts,
And none the ſoft Chaonian bird moleſts.
Debates avoid, and rude contention ſhun;
A woman 's with ſubmiſſive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd huſband ſwear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Diſcord and ſtrife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion juſtifies a clamorous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only ſighs and wiſhes hear.

Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and ſtill oblige her ſight.
I no inſtructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that preſents, my uſeleſs art:
The giving lover 's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy ſing; though poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour ſtorms a ſtubborn damſel's door;
I 'm cautious to affront, becauſe I 'm poor.
With pleaſing arts I court, with arts poſſeſs;
Or if I 'm bounteous, 'tis in promiſes.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I baniſh'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this conſum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, ſhe vow'd, a ſuit of point I tore;
Falſely ſhe vow'd, but I muſt purchaſe more.
Make not your guilty maſter's crime your own,
But by my puniſhment my error ſhun;
Indecent fury from her ſight remove,
No paſſion let your miſtreſs know, but love.
Yet if the haughty nymph 's unkind and coy,
Or ſhuns your ſight; have patience, and enjoy.
By ſlow degrees we bend the ſtubborn bow;
What force reſiſts, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we ſtem a torrent's rapid force,
But ſwim with eaſe, complying with its courſe.
By gentler arts we ſavage beaſts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.

Fiercely

Fiercely Atlanta o'er the foreſt rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at laſt ſhe lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeleſs flame,
And, weeping, in the woods purſued the ſcornful dame:
On his ſubmiſſive neck her toils he wore,
And with his miſtreſs chac'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the ſavage fair:
My ſoft injunctions leſs ſevere you 'll find,
Eaſy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
Her wiſhes never, nor her will withſtand;
Submit, you conquer; ſerve, and you 'll command.
Her words approve, deny what ſhe denies;
Like, where ſhe likes; and where ſhe ſcorns, deſpiſe.
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles: when ſad, diſſolve in tears;
Let every geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as women will, in play,
Her ſtakes return, your ready loſings pay.
When ſhe 's at cards, or rattling dice ſhe throws,
Connive at cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd miſtreſs every conqueſt gain.
In heat, with an umbrello ready ſtand;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, though you ſuſtain the cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer boſom hold.
Think no inferior office a diſgrace;
No action, that a miſtreſs gains, is baſe.
The hero that eluded Juno's ſpite,
And every monſter overcame in fight;

That

That paſt ſo many bloody labours o'er,
And well deſerv'd that heav'n whoſe weight he bore:
Amidſt Ionian damſels carding ſtands,
And graſps the diſtaff with obedient hands;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys;
And who diſdains to act like Hercules?
If ſhe 's at law, be ſure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cauſe.
With patience at the aſſignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er ſhe wants a meſſenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from ſupper ſhe 's returning home,
And calls her ſervant, as a ſervant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horſe, why foot it down:
Let not the ſultry ſeaſon of the year,
The falling ſnows, or conſtant rain deter.
Love is a warfare; an ignoble ſloth
Seems equal contemptible in both:
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The ſoldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he 's drench'd, with piercing tempeſts ſhakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame ſays that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd;
And coarſely in an humble cottage far'd;
No ſervile offices the god deny'd;
Learn this, ye lovers, and renounce your pride.
When all exceſs is to your miſtreſs hard,
When every door ſecur'd, and window barr'd;

The roof untile, ſome deſperate paſſage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh, how ſhe 'll claſp you when the dangers o'er,
And value your deſerving paſſion more!
Thus through the boiſterous ſeas Leander mov'd,
Not to poſſeſs, but ſhew how much he lov'd.
Nor bluſhing think how low you condeſcend
To court her maids, and make each ſlave your friend:
Each by their names familiarly ſalute,
And beg them to promote your amorous ſuit.
Perhaps a bribe 's requir'd; your bounty ſhow,
And from your ſlender fortune part beſtow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid ſecures;
And when the favorite 's gain'd, the fair is your's.
She 'll add, to every thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praiſe.
When ſervants merry make, and feaſt and play,
Then give her ſomething to keep holiday.
Retain them every one, the porter moſt,
And her who nightly guards the happy coaſt.
I no profuſe nor coſtly gifts commend,
But chooſe and time it well, whate'er you ſend.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural preſent bear;
Tell her 'twas freſh, and from your manor brought,
Though ſtale, and in the ſuburb market bought,
The firſt ripe cluſter let your miſtreſs eat,
With cheſnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat:
Some larger fiſh, or choicer fowl preſent:
They recommend your paſſion, where they 're ſent.

'Tis

'Tis with theſe arts the childleſs miſer's caught,
Thus future legacies are baſely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curſt,
That practis'd them on love, and woman firſt!
In tender ſonnets moſt your flame rehearſe,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verſe?
Women a wealthy-treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but coſtly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worſhip gold,
Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty ſold.
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not preſent, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the ſex have ſenſe, their number's ſmall;
Moſt ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, ſmooth empty ſtanzas ſend;
They ſeldom ſenſe, but ſound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compoſe each poliſh'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine;
Yet ſhe 'll a treat, or worthleſs toy prefer
To all th' immortal poet's boaſted care.
But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With laſting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the ſubject of his praiſe.
Purple commend, when ſhe 's in purple dreſs'd;
In ſcarlet, ſwear ſhe looks in ſcarlet beſt:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing thoſe eyes tranſcend the ſparkling ore,
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.

In ſorted colours, praiſe a vary'd dreſs;
In night-cloaths, or commode, let either pleaſe.
Or when ſhe combs, or when ſhe curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her ſtep admire,
Applaud when ſhe deſiſts, and ſtill deſire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raiſe,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praiſe.
Fierce as Meduſa though your miſtreſs prove,
Theſe arts will teach the ſtubborn beauty love.
Be cautious leſt you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocriſy with art:
Let no falſe action give your words the lie,
For, undeceiv'd, ſhe 's ever after ſhy.
In Autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and ſhows the vintage near;
When ſultry heats, when colder blaſts ariſe,
And bodies languiſh with inconſtant ſkies:
If vitious heaven infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood ſome fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care beſtow,
The bleſſings you expect to reap, then ſow:
Think nothing naufeous in her loath'd diſeaſe,
But with your ready hand contrive to pleaſe:
Weep in her ſight, then fonder kiſſes give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her ſafety vow, but louder ſpeak,
Let the nymph hear the laviſh vows you make.
As health returns, ſo let your joys appear,
Oft ſmile with hope, and oft confeſs your fear.

This in her breaſt remains, theſe pleaſing charms
Secure a paſſage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauſeous to her taſte or ſight,
Officious only when you moſt delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give;
Let her from rivals what ſhe loaths receive.
Thoſe proſperous winds that launch'd our bark from ſhore,
When out at ſea aſſiſt its courſe no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give ſtrength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn ſprung:
From narrow ſprings the nobleſt currents flow,
But ſwell their floods, and ſpread them as they go.
Be converſant with love, no toils refuſe,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent uſe.
Still let her hear your ſighs, your paſſion view,
And night and day the flying maid purſue.
Then pauſe awhile; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirſty ſoil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon bleſs'd,
His abſence wounded moſt her raging breaſt:
Thus his chaſte conſort for Ulyſſes burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her abſent huſband mourn'd:
With ſpeed return, you 're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may ſoon ſupply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her amorous gueſt,
And nightly claſp'd him to her panting breaſt.

Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, truſt a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy ſheep:
Helen is guiltleſs, and her lover's crime
But what yourſelf would act another time!
The youth was preſſing, the dull huſband gone,
Let every woman make the caſe her own:
Who could a prince, by Venus ſent, refuſe?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuſe.

But not the foaming boar whom ſpears ſurround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioneſs, whoſe young receive the breaſt,
Nor viper by unwary footſteps preſt;
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god poſſeſt,
Tranſcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and ſword ſhe flies, the frantic dame
Diſdains the thoughts of tenderneſs or ſhame.
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea ſpilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge purſues neglected loves.
Where ſacred ties of honour are deſtroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers muſt avoid.
Think not my precepts conſtancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler 's my deſign.
At large enjoy, conceal your paſſion well,
Nor uſe the modiſh vanity to tell:

Avoid preſenting of ſuſpected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Deſert the ſhades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conſcious to a new amour.
The nymph, when ſhe betrays, diſdains your guilt,
And, by ſuch falſehood taught, ſhe learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and ſhe innocent:
But when inflam'd with every charming face,
Her lewdneſs ſtill maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryſes, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briſeïs, thy complaints ſhe heard,
And how his luſt the tedious war deferr'd.
This tamely heard, but with reſentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous ſlave ſubdued:
With rage ſhe ſaw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægiſthus to her injur'd arms.
To luſt and ſhame by his example led,
Who durſt ſo openly profane her bed.
What you conceal, her more obſerving eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny;
And boldly give her jealouſy the lie;
Not too ſubmiſſive ſeem, nor over-kind;
Theſe are the ſymptoms of a guilty mind:
But no careſſes, no endearments ſpare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.
There are, that ſtrong provoking potions praiſe,
And nature with pernicious medicines raiſe:

[illegible] will what you fancy prove,
[illegible] poisonous all in love.
[illegible] with seeds of nettles join,
[illegible] bowls of mellow wine:
[illegible] delights,
[illegible] genial rites;
[illegible] nerves recruit,
[illegible] not:
[illegible] Erycian swains
[illegible] disdains.
[illegible] liquid juice,
[illegible] the pine infuse.
[illegible] Muse, nor medicines give:
[illegible] provocative.
You [illegible] before,
Proclaim them now, now publish each amour.
Nor [illegible] with inconstancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:
Now northern blasts we court, now southern gales,
And every point befriends our shifted sails.
Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their steeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless dame,
Secure from rivals she neglects your flame:
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauseates pleasures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whose wasted strength declines,
Converts to ashes, and but faintly shines;
When sulphur's brought, the spreading flames return,
And glowing embers with fresh fury burn:

A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives deſire, and feeds her dying flames:
Oft make her jealous, give your fondneſs o'er,
And teaze her often with ſome new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleaſures bleſt,
Too great, to exquiſite to be expreſt,
That view'ſt the anguiſh of her jealous breaſt!
Whene'er thy guilt the ſlighted beauty knows,
She ſwoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Aſſault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how ſhe 'd weep, what piercing glances caſt!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at laſt.
Let not your miſtreſs long your falſehood mourn:
Neglected fondneſs will to fury turn.
But kindly claſp her in your arms again,
And on your breaſt her drooping head ſuſtain:
Whilſt weeping kiſs, amidſt her tears enjoy,
And with exceſs of bliſs her rage deſtroy.
Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleaſure, as ſhe dy'd with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She 'll ſign a pardon in your active arms.
  Firſt nature lay an undigeſted maſs,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face:
Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd;
And Chaos was in beauteous form diſpos'd;
The beaſts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to the floods the ſcaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpoliſh'd race:

Caves

Caves were their houſes, herbs their food and bed,
Whilſt each a ſavage from the other fled.
Love firſt diſarm'd the fierceneſs of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unſkill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy!
They knew no courtſhip, no inſtructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bleſs'd the pleaſing wound.
The birds with conſorts propagate their kind,
And ſporting fiſh their finny beauties find:
In amorous folds the wanton ſerpents twine,
And dogs with their ſalacious females join.
The luſty bull delights his friſking dames,
And more laſcivious goat her male inflames.
Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries force,
Plunging through waves to meet the neighing horſe.
Go on, brave youth, thy generous vigour try,
To the reſenting maid this charm apply:
Love's ſoftening pleaſures every grief remove,
There 's nothing that can can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philtres no redreſs you 'll find,
But nature with your miſtreſs will be kind.
The love that 's unconſtrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was falſe, but mine is ſure.
Whilſt thus I ſung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
His hand a branch of ſpreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he caſt diffuſive rays of light,
Confeſſing all the god to human ſight,

Thou

Thou maſter of laſcivious arts, he ſaid,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inſcribe in characters of gold,
This celebrated ſentence you 'll behold.
Firſt know yourſelf; who to himſelf is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wiſhes crown.
Where Nature has a handſome face beſtow'd,
Or graceful ſhape, let both be often ſhow'd:
Let men of wit and humour ſilence ſhun,
The artiſt ſing, and ſoldier bluſter on:
Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teazing poet, read.
Thus Phœbus ſpake: A juſt obedience give,
And theſe injunctions from a god receive.
I myſteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wiſe.
The thriving grain in harveſt often fails:
Oft proſp'rous winds turn adverſe to our ſails:
Few are the pleaſures, though the toils are great:
With patience muſt ſubmiſſive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed;
As ſhells on ſandy ſhores, as ſtars above,
So numerous are the ſure fatigues of love.
The lady 's gone abroad, you 're told; though ſeen,
Diſtruſt your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are cloſe;
Reſent it not, but on the earth repoſe.
Her maid will cry, with an inſulting tone,
What makes you ſaunter here? you ſot, be gone.

With

With moving words the cruel nymph intreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.
Why do I light and vulgar precepts uſe?
A nobler ſubject now inſpires my Muſe:
Approaching joys I ſing; ye youths draw near,
Liſten ye happy lovers and give ear:
The labour 's great, and daring is my ſong.
Labours and great attempts to Love belong.
As from the ſacred oracles of Jove
Receive theſe grand myſterious truths in Love.
Look down when ſhe the ogling ſpark invites,
Nor touch the conſcious tablets when ſhe writes.
Appear not jealous, though ſhe 's much from home,
Let her at pleaſure go, unqueſtion'd come.
This crafty huſbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when ſhe 's engag'd, to wink at it.
I my own frailties modeſtly confeſs;
And, bluſhing, give thoſe precepts I tranſgreſs;
Shall I, with patience, the known ſignal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What! tamely ſuffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to uſe my hands or tongue!
Corinna's huſband kiſs'd her in my ſight;
I beat the ſaucy fool, and ſeiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a mad-man, when I miſs her, rage.
My paſſion ſtill prevails, convinc'd I yield!
He that ſubmits to this is better ſkill'd.
Expoſe not, though you find her guilty flam
Leſt ſhe abandon modeſty and ſhame:

Conceal her faults, no ſecret crimes upbraid;
Nothing 's ſo fond as a ſuſpected maid,
Diſcover'd love increaſes with deſpair,
When both alike the guilt and ſcandal ſhare:
All ſenſe of modeſty they loſe in time,
Whilſt each encourages the other's crime.
In heaven this ſtory 's fam'd above the reſt,
Amongſt th' immortal drolls a ſtanding jeſt:
How Vulcan two tranſgreſſing lovers caught,
And every god a pleas'd ſpectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his deſires the Queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in heaven 's ſo willing, none ſo kind.
Oft the laſcivious fair, with ſcornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and ſooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their paſſion bore,
And modeſtly conceal'd the cloſe amour.
But by the ſun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what eſcapes the ſun's obſerving rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his diſgrace.
Ah fooliſh ſun! and much unſkill'd in love
Thou haſt an ill example ſet above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She 'll gratefully oblige you every way:
The crafty ſpouſe around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and ſecret ſnares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.

The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And ſcarce from tears the Queen of Love refrains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To ſurly Mars a gay ſpectator ſaid,
Why ſo uneaſy in that envy'd bed?
On me tranſfer your chains; I 'll freely come
For your releaſe, and ſuffer in your room.
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy deſires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos ſhe retires,
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires;
Now converſant with infamy and ſhame,
They ſet no bounds to their licentious flame.
But, honeſt Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act ſo much unlike a god of ſenſe?
They ſin in publick, you the ſhame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increaſe with puniſhment.
Though in your power, a rival ne'er expoſe,
Never his intercepted joys diſcloſe:
This I command, Venus commands the ſame,
Who hates the ſnares ſhe once ſuſtain'd with ſhame.
What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expoſe,
Or Juno's ſolemn myſteries diſcloſe!
His witty torments Tantalus deſerves,
That thirſts in waves, and viewing banquets ſtarves.
But Venus moſt in ſecrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her ſilent rites!
No pomp her myſteries attends, no noiſe!
No ſounding braſs proclaims the latent joys!

T

With folded arms the happy pair poſſeſs,
Nor ſhould the fond betraying tongue confeſs
Thoſe raptures, which no language can expreſs.
When naked Venus caſt her robes aſide,
The parts obſcene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beaſts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
Love darkneſs courts, at moſt a glimmering light,
To raiſe our joys, and juſt oblige the ſight.
Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and ſhade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modeſt, and unſhaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And ſecretly perform'd what love inſpir'd.
Now ſcarce a modiſh fop about the town,
But boaſts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taſte no pleaſure, reliſh no delight,
Till they recount what paſs'd the happy night.
But men of honour always thought it baſe,
To proſtitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blaſt her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furniſh ſcandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I muſt ſome guilty arts accuſe,
And diſingenuous ſhifts that lovers uſe,
To wrong the chaſte, and innocent abuſe.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtſhip vain,
Her character with infamy they ſtain:

Deny'd her perſon, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public ſhame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let every door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The ſuffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name 's a proſtitute to every tongue:
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wiſhes true, believe.
With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults ſeem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perſeus view'd,
He ſaw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet ſome report
Her Hector was ſo blind, he thought her ſhort.
At firſt what 's nauſeous, leſſens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to pleaſe.
The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
But ſhooting upward to a tree at laſt,
It ſtems the ſtorm, and braves the ſtrongeſt blaſt.
Time will defects and blemiſhes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unuſual ſcents at firſt may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquiſh'd ſenſe:
Her vices ſoften with ſome kinder phraſe;
If ſhe is ſwarthy as the negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praiſe.
The ruddy laſs muſt be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.

If pale and meagre, praiſe her ſhape and youth,
Active when ſmall, when groſs ſhe 's plump and ſmooth,
Every exceſs by ſoftening terms diſguiſe,
And in ſome neighbouring virtue hide each vice.
Nor aſk her age, conſult no regiſter,
Under whoſe reign ſhe 's born, or what 's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace ſublimer joys are found,
A fruitful ſoil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilſt youth and pleaſures laſt,
Age hurries on, and Death purſues too faſt.
Or plough the ſeas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the ſword in thy adventurous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous ſtrength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleaſure and wealth reward thy pleaſing pains,
The labour 's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And ſtill preſerve them in their charming prime:
In vary'd ways they act the pleaſure o'er,
Not pictur'd poſtures can inſtruct you more.
They want no courtſhip to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glows with deſires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the ſoft tranſporting joys,
The frequent ſighs, the tender murmuring voice:

To ſee her eyes with vary'd pleaſure move,
And all the nymph confeſs the power of love,
Nature 's not thus indulgent to the young,
Theſe joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and ſprightly juice refine,
Mellow their ſweets, and make the taſte divine.
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair:
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
One conſcious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire, my Muſe; the door demands thy care.
What charming words, what tender things are ſaid!
What language flows without thy uſeleſs aid!
There ſhall the roving hand employment find,
Inſpire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briſeïs' flame.
Ah, could theſe arms, theſe fatal hands delight,
Inſpire kind thoughts, and raiſe thy appetite!
Could'ſt thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?
Nor yet with ſpeed the fleeting pleaſures waſte,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haſte:
The baſhful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.

Then

Then view her eyes with humid luſtre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye ſhe charms, and wounds the liſtening ear.
Deſert not then the claſping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raiſe to her heights the tranſports of your ſoul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Obſerve theſe precepts when with leiſure bleſt,
No threatening fears your private hours moleſt;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager ſpeed the haſty joy:
Then ply your oars, then practiſe this advice,
And ſtrain with whip and ſpur, to gain the prize.
The work 's complete: triumphant palms prepare,
With flowery wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with medicines the afflicted part:
Neſtor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving ſkill'd;
As Chalchas could explain the myſtic bird,
And Telemon could wield the brandiſh'd ſword:
Such to the town my fam'd inſtructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love:
Me every youth ſhall praiſe, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuſe my laſting fame.
Farms provide againſt the ſcornful fair;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth ſhall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home;

Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his inſtructed flame,
Inſcribe the ſpoils with my auſpicious name.
The tender girls my precepts next demand:
Them I commit to a more ſkilful hand.

AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTC LATE OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE, 17

TO THE LADY CREWE OF UTKINT

MADAM,

AS when the eagle, with a parent's love,
Prepares her young to viſit realms above:
With heaven's full luſtre ſhe allures him on,
Firſt to admire, and then approach the ſun;
Unweary'd he ſurveys the orb of light,
Charm'd by the object to maintain his flight.
To you th' aſpiring Muſe her labour brings,
Thus tries its fate, and thus expands her wings:
Tempted to gaze on your auſpicious light,
This haſty birth to you directs its flight;
The beauties of your mind tranſported views,
Admiring ſings, and pleas'd her flight purſues.
Permit theſe looſe, unfiniſh'd lines to claim
The kind protection of your parent's name:

Though void of ornaments, and every grace,
Accept the piece, as ſacred to your race.
Where you behold your great forefathers fame,
And trace the ſprings from whence your virtues came:
Survey the triumphs, and the honours view,
That by a long deſcent devolve on you.
  In vain the Muſe her vanquiſh'd pencil tries,
Where unexhauſted ſtores of beauty riſe:
Languid and faint her labours muſt appear,
Whilſt you tranſcend her faireſt character.
So bright in you your father's graces ſhine,
And all the virtues of your ancient line;
That none with pleaſure can the copy view,
Whilſt the original ſurvives in you.

WHAT man renown'd! what Britiſh worthy's praiſe
  Inſpires the Muſe! and conſecrates her lays!
Record thy Aſton's celebrated name,
Diſplay his virtues, and tranſmit his fame.
Illuſtrious actions to thy care belong,
And form the beauties of heroic ſong:
None e'er appear'd with ſo immenſe a ſtore,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.
  Nor ſtain, my Muſe, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for ſucceeding years:
Whilſt others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy ſong, attempt a nobler ſtrain.
With verſe aſſuage his pious off-ſpring's care,
And calm the ſorrows of the weeping fair:

Diſpel

Diſpel the ſhades that fate untimely ſpread,
And ceaſe to mourn for the immortal dead.
Where out-ſtretch'd Britain in the ocean 's loſt,
And Dee and rapid Mercy bound the coaſt;
There hills ariſe with ſylvan honours crown'd,
There fruitful vales and ſhady ſtreams abound,
Not Median groves, not Tempe's boaſted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' ſands inrich the main,
Can yield a proſpect fairer to the ſight,
Nor charm with ſcenes of more auguſt delight.
Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd
Imperial ſway, and great in honours reign'd:
Deriving titles from their ſwords alone,
Their laws preſerv'd, and liberties their own.
As when two ſwelling floods their waves oppoſe,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they roſe:
But by degrees uniting in a ſtream,
Forget their fountains, and become the ſame.
Thus ſtrove the Britains with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conſcious of diſgrace:
But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirſt of empire had engag'd before,
Now Friendſhip binds, and Love unites the more.
From whom a long deſcent of worthies ſhine,
Juſt to the glories of their martial line:
Admiring Fame their matchleſs force records,
Their bounteous minds, and hoſpitable boards.
Where Weever haſtens to receive the Dane,
Refreſhing with united ſtreams the plain;

A riſ

A riſing fabrick, with majeſtic grace,
Demands the tribute of thy lofty praiſe,
There Aſton ſtands conſpicuous to the ſight;
To Aſton, Muſe, direct thy pleaſing flight!
From far the pompous edifice behold,
Juſt the proportions, and the ſtructure bold.
Beauty is there with elegance expreſs'd,
Improv'd with art, with native grandeur bleſs'd.
What nobler object could the worthy find,
To ſignalize the greatneſs of his mind:
Than to adorn, with ſo auguſt a frame,
The place that gave his anceſtors a name?
  Delightful ſcene! thy patron's early care,
Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair:
He form'd thy beauties, and encreas'd thy ſtore,
Great in thyſelf, but in thy founder more.
  From generous Hudard, whoſe victorious ſword
Made Aſton ſtoop beneath a foreign lord,
Twenty ſucceſſive chiefs deſcended down;
Illuſtrious all, and matchleſs in renown.
When injur'd barons durſt by arms reſtrain
Their ſovereign's pride, on the embattled plain;
And rival roſes, with impetuous rage,
Involv'd in blood the next deſcending age:
Or when abroad we nobler conqueſts ſought,
For Empire ſtrove, for Fame and Beauty fought;
Their great exploits our Britiſh annals grace,
And ancient bards immortalize the race.
No lineage can a nobler ſubject yield,
Nor oftener ſhar'd the triumphs of the field:

Renown'd in war, by arts indear'd to fame,
Worthy their high deſcent, and glorious name.
But though ſo many pious worthies join,
To form the luſtre of a noble line:
Paſs not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
A ſhade renown'd! a name that cannot die!
His father's fame with awful ſteps purſue,
And raiſe thy flight with the tranſporting view.
When loud Sedition call'd him early forth,
To merit wreaths, and ſignalize his worth;
His bounteous mind ſupply'd the royal part
With flowing fortunes, and a faithful heart.
His ſword and pen were drawn in juſt defence
Of ſuffering prelates, and an injur'd prince:
And as ſome midnight wolf, by hunger preſs'd,
With boundleſs fury would the plains infeſt;
But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
His head he couches, and contracts his paws:
Thus raging Faction murmur'd in its den,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by his ſublimer pen:
And when Rebellion rear'd its guilty head,
Before his arms the vanquiſh'd monſter fled.
Immortal ſhade! to endleſs ages reſt!
With joys, that never rebel taſted, bleſs'd:
As champion for the ſacred'ſt race of men,
Accept this tribute from a grateful pen;
Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown,
Is more than fame, and ſanctifies renown.
Nor wonder then ſo many graces join'd,
To form the perfect beauties of his mind:

He from his anceſtors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by deſcent his own.
And firſt thy Aſton's matchleſs form ſurvey,
From early youth to nature's laſt decay:
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.
Grandeur and ſweetneſs in his perſon join'd,
Auguſt his preſence, and his aſpect kind;
His lofty ſtature, and diſtinguiſh'd mien,
Confeſs'd the greatneſs of a ſoul within;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body ſpread a lucid ray:
Through every part informing ſpirits fly,
Diſdain reſtraint, and ſparkle at the eye.
Such general luſtre, ſuch reſiſtleſs grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.
But as the earth, in her capacious veins,
The ſplendid treaſure of her mines contains:
With fading flowers ſhe paints the ſurface o'er,
But inward ſhines with unexhauſted ſtore;
So lovely forms are on mankind beſtow'd,
Only to dignify the ſoul's abode:
Within the beams of ſparkling wit we find,
The charms of ſenſe, and treaſures of the mind.
Indulgent Nature thus her bounty ſhow'd,
Thus every ſhining faculty beſtow'd:
With ſtores inrich'd his intellectual ſeat,
And form'd the luſtre of his mind compleat.
Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a ſoft retirement choſe:

To reſt beneath the venerable ſhade,
Where Spenſer ſung, and Cowley's Muſe was laid.
Propitious Nature had prepar'd before,
A mind tenacious of the learned ſtore:
The flowing ſprings of knowledge to receive,
And take impreſſions faſt as art could give.
Auſpicious Cham! not all thy boaſted race
Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praiſe;
That in the various ſpheres of learning ſhine,
Belov'd by Phœbus and the ſacred Nine;
With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown.
And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
And bulky volumes of the painful bar:
Though wealth and fame the toilſome ſearch attend,
Yet he purſued it for a nobler end.
Obſcure and intricate our laws appear,
Perplex'd with comments that ſhould make them cl
His juſtice through the gloomy miſts ſurvey'd,
And Reaſon found by ſubtleties betray'd;
With Eloquence he ſmooth'd the rugged way,
And ſcatter'd ſhades with Judgment's piercing ray.
He Nature in her dark receſſes ſought,
And with Philoſophy ſublim'd his thought.
In all the various parts of learning ſkill'd,
That Grecian ſages, or the Roman, yield:
He from the ancients drain'd their richeſt ſtore,
Refining ſtill with wit the ſparkling ore.
Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious ſound,
Whoſe pleaſing accents all his labours crown'd.

neful lyre, that charms us with delight,
our cares, and glads the tedious night;
ıs our paſſions, calms our furious rage,
y of youth, and the relief of age.
›iercing faculties, ſerenely bright,
'ard to the ſoul diſtinct light:
ès exquiſite, and reaſon ſound,
ınted all the obſtacles they found,
vledge vers'd, in learning's depths profound.
vere his hours to books alone confin'd,
ôn was accompliſh'd as his mind:
his weapons with admir'd ſucceſs,
l in courtſhip, and a kind addreſs.
r he urg'd the courſer to his ſpeed,
er'd, with his ſkill, the fiery ſteed;
›aming at the ring he ſpurns the ſands,
his ſtrokes, and launches as he ſtands:
ateful geſture he did each command,
'd his reins with an inſtructive hand.
ıer, to the ſportive dance inclin'd,
meaſures he the concert join'd:
:r mov'd with more majeſtic pace,
greater art, or more becoming grace.
›wing wit, with ſolid judgment join'd,
united rarely in a mind,
:he graces and engaging art,
ırm the ear and captivate the heart.
:ed ſatire, nor moroſe diſdain,
the pleaſure of his words with pain:

His

His inoffenſive tongue, from ſlander free,
From Flattery's vice, or blaſted Calumny;
Knew all the ſprings that ſecret paſſions move,
Raiſe admiration, or inſpire with love.
Sententious and inſtructive his diſcourſe,
He urg'd his reaſons with reſiſtleſs force.
A lively eloquence adorn'd his thought,
And happy turns of wit occurr'd unſought:
Expreſſive words his flowing ſenſe convey'd,
Juſt were his thoughts, and powerful to perſuade.
But, goddeſs, now a nobler ſcene ſurvey,
Expand thy wings, thy brighteſt charms diſplay!
What various beauties here diſtract thy ſight!
What virtues that ſurmount thy towering flight!
As nameleſs ſtars, that form the galaxy,
With undiſtinguiſh'd luſtre gild the ſky;
So ſhone the graces that adorn'd his mind,
And with concenter'd rays their beauties join'd:
Whoſe lucid numbers but repel thy ſight,
And, thus united, form one glorious orb of light.
His riper years to wiſdom he apply'd,
Each path purſued, and every conqueſt try'd:
Wiſdom, the darling attribute alone,
By which th' Almighty 's more diſtinctly known:
And, when contracted to a narrow ſpan,
Becomes the nobleſt faculty of man.
Through books he trac'd her in the pleaſing chace,
Ranſack'd their ſtores, and ſtill maintain'd his pace.
With crowds, and buſy men, he ſtrove to find
The flying fair, the object of his mind:

ırough ſpecious arts, through all their vain diſguiſe,
ſaw, diſtinguiſh'd, and obtain'd the prize.
His mind, with each ſuperior talent fraught,
r councils form'd his enterprizing thought:
ick of diſpatch, diſcreet in every truſt,
gidly honeſt, and ſeverely juſt.
ough kindneſs in his generous boſom reign'd,
ıe dignity of power he ſtill maintain'd:
ne e'er diſcharg'd affairs with more addreſs,
v'd better public poſts, or ſought them leſs.
His conſtancy appear'd in every ſtate,
t'd and unmov'd as the decrees of fate:
fluctuating doubts his mind diſtreſs'd,
r ſhook the ſtrong foundations of his breaſt.
s reſolution bore him ſtill above
ıe raſh effects of enmity or love:
rm on the baſis of himſelf he ſtood,
right tenacious, permanent in good.
Hence flow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,
mind undaunted, and a conſcience clear:
'ith innocence and virtue for a guide,
ıcceſsfully he ſtem'd th' impetuous tide.
trepid thus he revolutions bore,
or deviated from paths he trod before:
ıe power of fortune ſtill diſdain'd to own,
or courted ſmiles, nor ſunk beneath her frown.
He ſerv'd his country, with regards above
he common views of mercenary love:
is paſſion ſuch, if not extended more,
pious Romans to their Latium bore.

No

No ſpecious kindneſs popularly feign'd,
By intereſt rais'd, or with ambition ſtain'd:
The tender piety his actions ſhow'd,
From duty ſprung, from fond affection flow'd.
Untainted with the ſtain of either vice,
Of laviſh waſte, or graſping avarice:
Nor ſqander'd wealth, nor with a ſordid breaſt
Condemn'd to hoards the treaſures he poſſeſs'd.
His hoſpitable roof, with plenty ſtor'd,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings of a ſmiling board:
Heaven, that had bleſs'd him with a large increaſe,
Gave him a ſoul deſerving to poſſeſs.
The father's loyalty deſcended down,
Endear'd by ſufferings, to his rival ſon.
As Hannibal purſued the Roman ſtate,
With double portions of his father's hate:
Such fix'd averſion in his boſom ſprung,
And arm'd his ſoul againſt our factions, young;
A murder'd prince, and ſlaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate:
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.
View beauties yet of a ſublimer kind,
The heavenly off-ſpring of a pious mind:
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their ſplendor owe;
Where no obſcuring ſpots their luſtre hide,
By crimes untainted, undeform'd with pride.
Bleſs'd Charity, the pure etherial ray,
That heaven itſelf does to our breaſts convey;

arger portions to his boſom came,
d o'er his ſoul diffus'd a ſtronger flame.
aim the wretched always found relief,
ron of want, redreſſer of their grief:
him th' afflicted never ſued in vain,
felt their miſeries, and eas'd their pain.
midſt of plenty free from ſenſual vice,
more indulg'd than nature would ſuffice:
e calm and equal temper of his ſoul
l every guilty appetite control;
thin their womb the vicious ſeeds ſuppreſs'd,
d ſtrangled forming paſſions in his breaſt.
The Church in him enjoy'd a faithful ſon,
oſe duty with his early years begun:
virtuous life his juſt obedience ſhow'd,
d from religion his affection flow'd;
ig application fix'd his heart ſecure,
ſearch'd her doctrines, and he found them pure.
The liturgy employ'd his daily care,
public worſhip, and his private prayer:
all its rites conformity he paid,
e ſervice lov'd, and diſcipline obey'd.
:h ſtrong devotion, ſuch celeſtial fire,
lam'd his heart, and did his breaſt inſpire;
if religion had engroſs'd the whole,
d heaven remain'd the object of his ſoul.
Deſcend, my Muſe; here ſtop thy pleaſing flight,
mournful proſpects, gloomy ſhades of night.
:end the laſt expiring ſcene of life,
ainful conflict, and unequal ſtrife;

Where

Where Nature languiſhes beneath the weight
Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
With matchleſs patience, and undaunted mind,
He bore his anguiſh, and his ſoul reſign'd:
As he the glorious proſpect kept in view,
And our old world rejected for the new.

The bounteous heavens their fruitful bleſſings ſhe
And chaſte Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed:
From whence a fair and numerous off-ſpring came,
The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
Twenty renown'd deſcents his lineage grace:
And from his loins compleat the number ſprung,
For every anceſtor a ſmiling young.

The happy huſband of a matchleſs dame,
Endear'd by virtues, and unblemiſh'd fame:
No guilty paſſion ever claim'd a part,
The conſort of his bed engroſs'd his heart.
As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
Their heat proportion'd, and their light the ſame:
And though by ſlow degrees they both decline,
Both to the laſt with the ſame luſtre ſhine:
Such equal flames inſpir'd the happy pair,
Mutual their paſſions, and the ſame their care:
Though years expir'd, and youth conſum'd away,
Their fond affections never felt decay.

As when the ſun our hemiſphere reſigns,
He leaves us light, and by reflection ſhines:
And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
He riſes bright and glorious as before.

ch likeneſs in his ſucceſſor we find,
ft as the image of himſelf behind;
ith all the virtues of his race endued;
e happy father's in the ſon renew'd.
Methinks I ſee a pompous tomb ariſe,
auteous the form, magnificent the ſize:
chas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble made,
rthy the artiſt, and the glorious ſhade.
Crowds of officious angels weep around,
ith lamps extinguiſh'd, and their robes unbound!
ith heads reclin'd, and drooping wings they mourn,
orm'd to ſuſtain, and grace the ponderous urn.
In abject poſtures, and a flowing dreſs,
oſtures that love and tenderneſs expreſs:
he ſacred Nine ſurround the ſpacious tomb,
nd ſpread infectious ſorrows o'er the dome;
heir lyres unſtrung are thrown neglected by,
nd ſcatter'd wreaths in juſt diſorder lie.
High in the midſt is his effigies plac'd,
he boaſt of art, with every beauty grac'd.
dvancing age in every line appears,
nd ſhades his brow with honourable years:
uſt to his form, his looks diſſembled right,
ith joy detain the fond ſpectator's ſight.
eſcending Phœbus crowns the upper ſcene,
is arm extended with triumphant green:
he ſacred wreath around his brows to place,
nd ſhedding on him the paternal rays.
In vain, alas! we mauſoleums raiſe,
tatues erect, and pyramids of praiſe:

A nobler monument remains behind,
The lively image of his generous mind,
The ſacred pile rais'd by his pious care,
Magnificent with coſt, with order fair;
Adorn'd with all that laviſh art could give,
To late poſterity ſhall make him live.
This ſhall diffuſe his celebrated name,
More than the hundred tongues of buſy fame:
His memory from dark oblivion ſave,
Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.